

# Shadow

COMICS

OCTOBER 1947  
VOL. 7 NO. 7

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

10¢

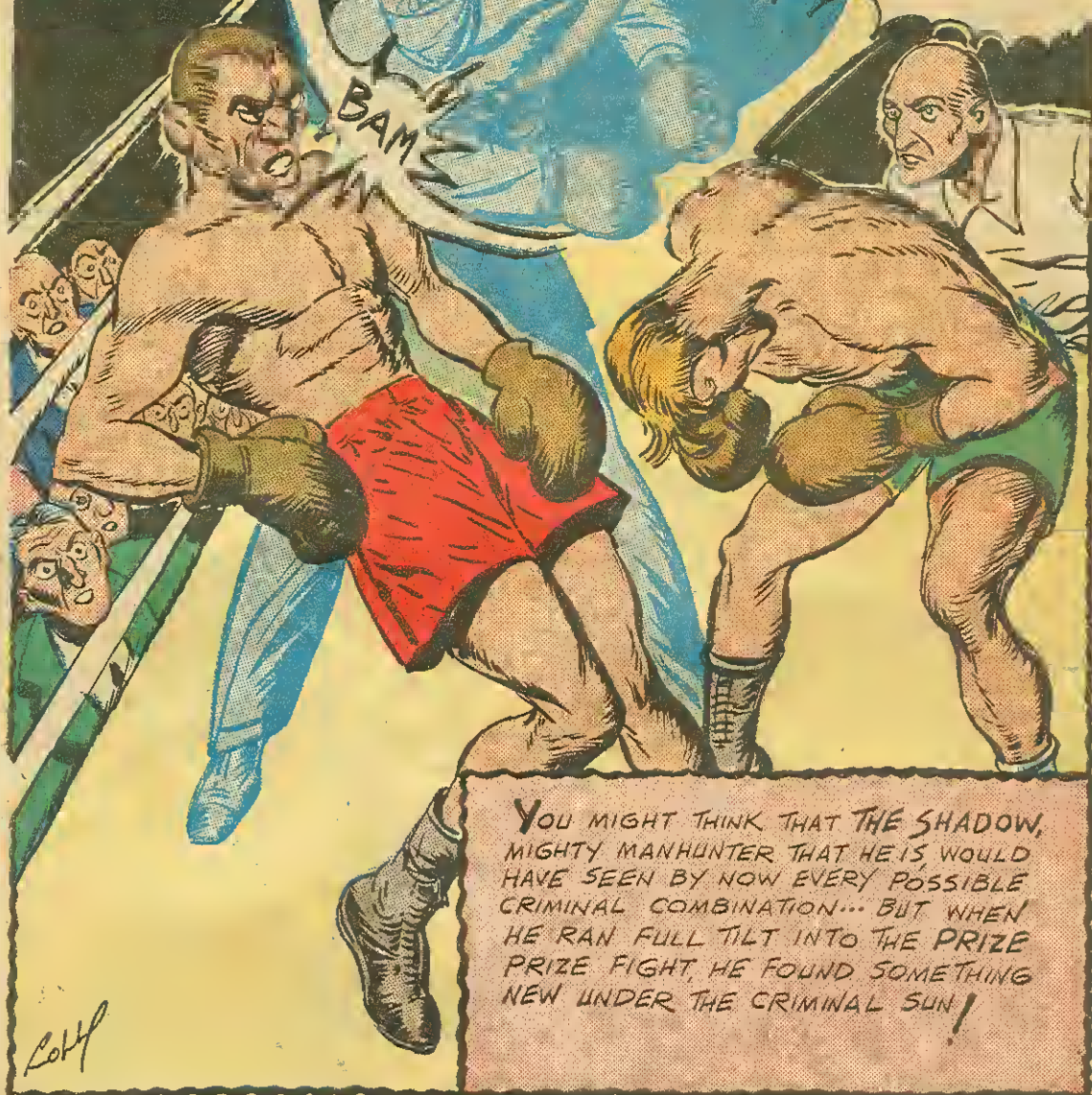


*The*  
**SHADOW**  
*Solves*

**"CRIME K.O."**

**CRIME DOES NOT PAY**

# 9/16 SHADOW Crime K.O.



YOU MIGHT THINK THAT THE SHADOW, MIGHTY MANHUNTER THAT HE IS WOULD HAVE SEEN BY NOW EVERY POSSIBLE CRIMINAL COMBINATION... BUT WHEN HE RAN FULL TILT INTO THE PRIZE PRIZE FIGHT, HE FOUND SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE CRIMINAL SUN!

Vol. 7; No. 7; October, 1947. SHADOW COMICS is published monthly by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Allen L. Grammer, President; Gerald H. Smith, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Henry W. Ralston Vice President and Secretary. Copyright, 1947, in U. S. A. and Great Britain by Street & Smith Publications, Inc. Reentered as Second-class Matter, August 11, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Single copy 10 cents. \$1.00 for 12-issue subscription in the U. S. A.; in Pan American Union, \$1.25 for 12 issues; elsewhere, \$1.50 for 12 issues. We cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any material submitted must include return postage. The editorial contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and cannot be reprinted without the publishers' permission. All fictional characters mentioned in this magazine are fictitious. Any similarity in name or character to any real person is coincidental.

Printed in the U. S. A.

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY!

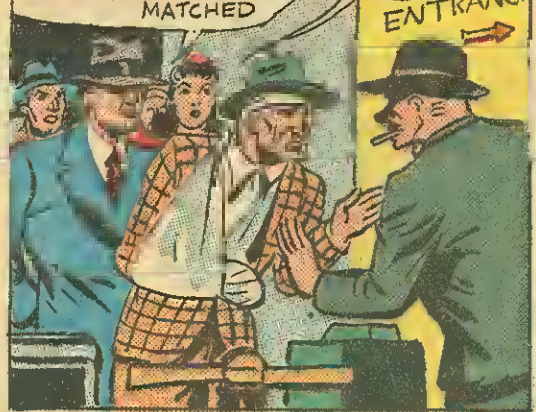
YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IT, LAMONT, BUT THIS WILL BE THE FIRST PRIZE FIGHT I HAVE EVER SEEN!

THEN YOU PICKED A LULU FOR YOUR INTRODUCTION... THIS SHOULD GO DOWN IN FISTIC HISTORY!



IN THE FIRST PLACE IT'S A GRUDGE FIGHT, IN THE SECOND PLACE, BOTH THE CHAMP AND THE CONTENDER, ONE PUNCH, ARE EVENLY MATCHED

OH OH... WHAT'S GOING ON?



BUT... YOU GOTTA LET ME IN! DON'T KEEP ME OUT HERE... I GOTTA FIGHT! I'M THE CHAMP!

BEAT IT, CHUMP, YOU'RE PUNCHY! THE CHAMP WENT IN HALF AN HOUR AGO!



POOR SOUL... THINKS HE'S THE CHAMPION...

UMM... MARGO... TAKE YOUR TICKET... GO TO YOUR SEAT. I'LL JOIN YOU LATER...

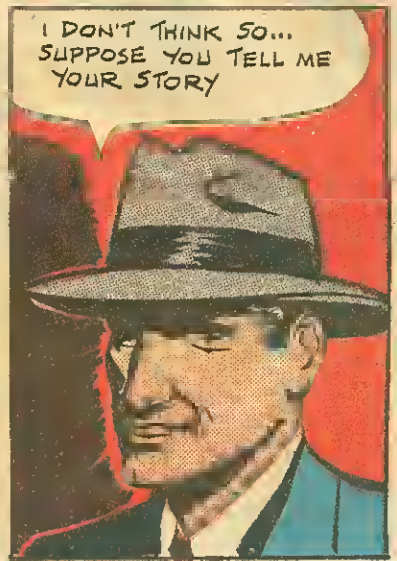


GOT TROUBLE?

PLENTY... EVERYONE I MEET THINKS I'M NUTS... BUT I'M THE CHAMP... ME... AND THEY THINK I'M SOME STUMBLEBUM...



I DON'T THINK SO... SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME YOUR STORY



SEEMS LIKE TO ME, IT ALL  
STARTED IN THE GYM A  
COUPLE OR THREE DAYS AGO...  
I WAS FINISHED WITH SPARRING  
PRACTICE AND I STARTED  
FOOLIN' WITH THE ROPES...

HEY, CHAMP  
TAKE IT EASY!  
YOU'RE WORTH  
A MILLION ON  
THE ROOF

RELAX, TENNER,  
DON'T BE THE  
MANAGER ALLA  
THE TIME! LOOKA  
ME, TARZAN!

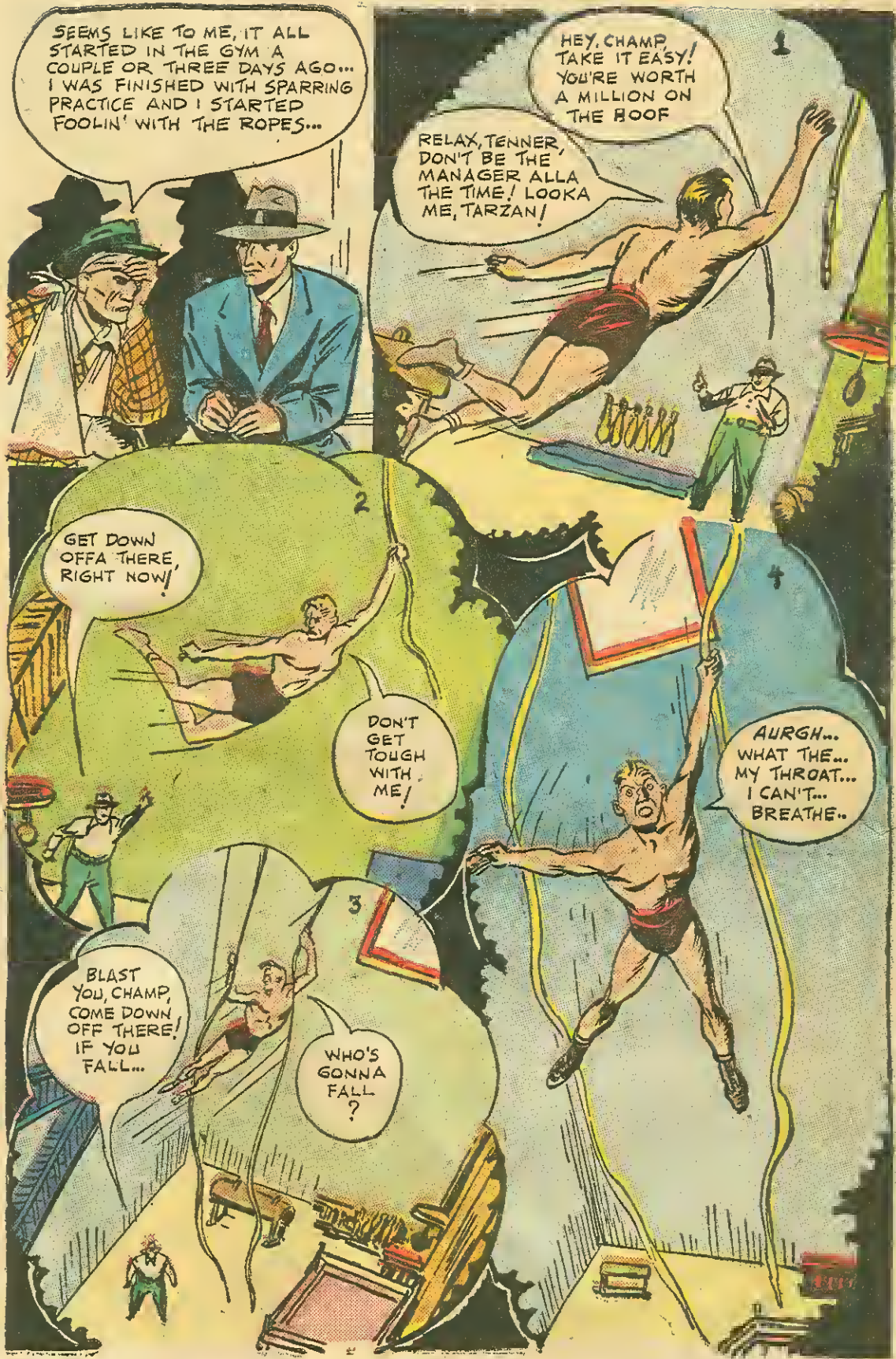
GET DOWN  
OFFA THERE,  
RIGHT NOW!

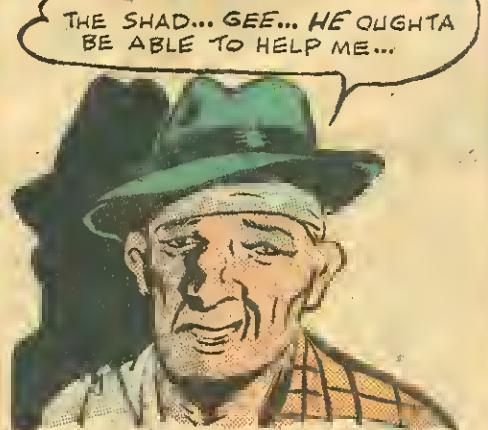
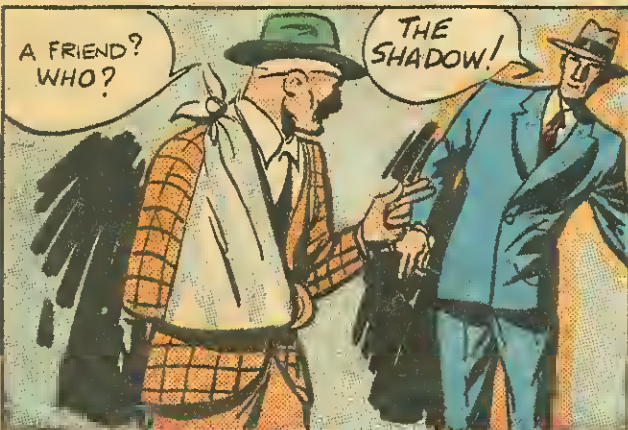
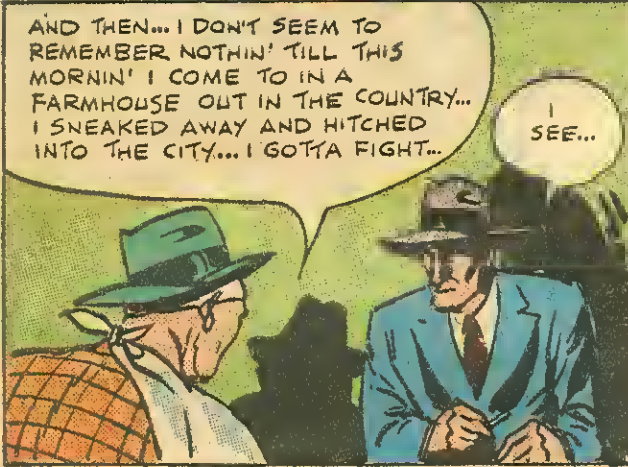
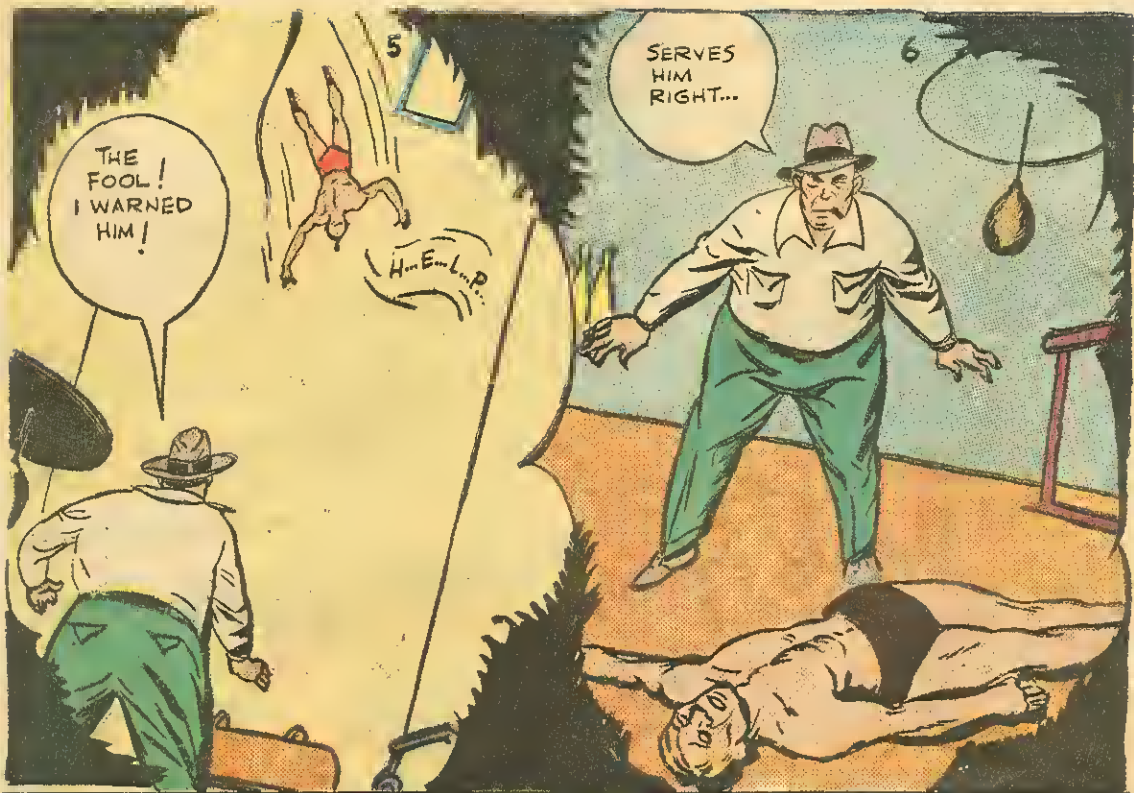
DON'T  
GET  
TOUGH  
WITH  
ME!

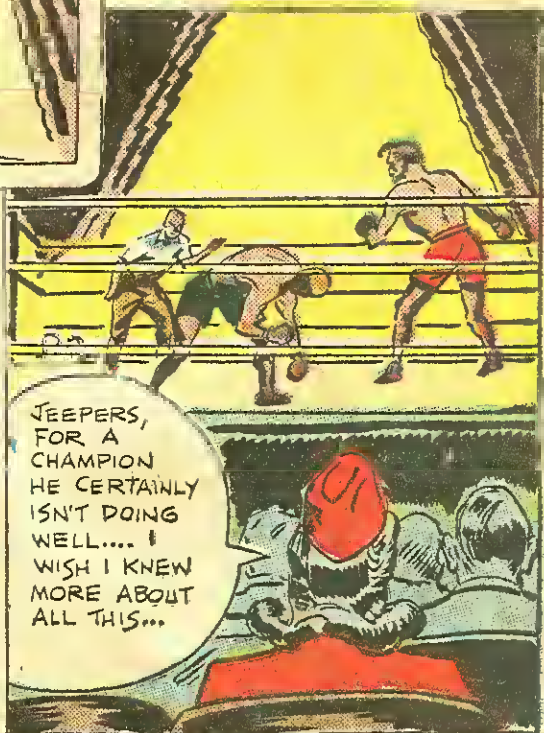
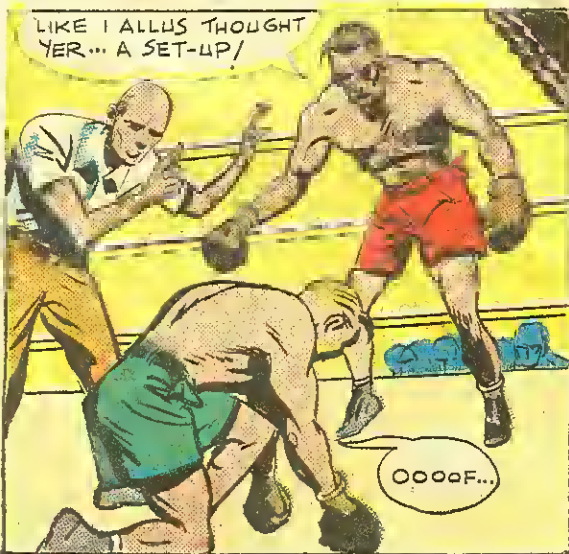
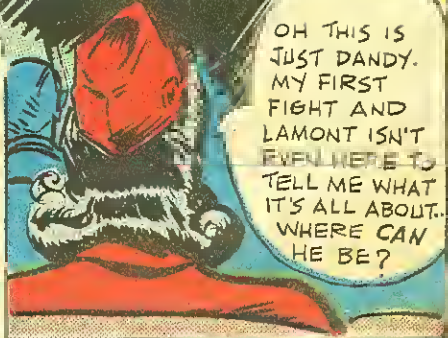
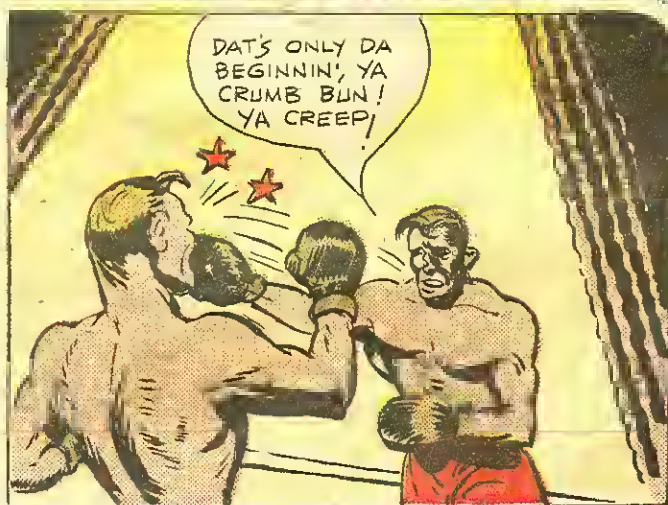
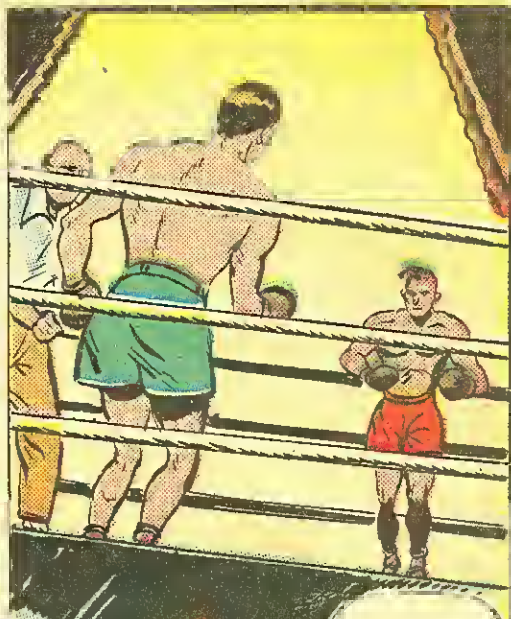
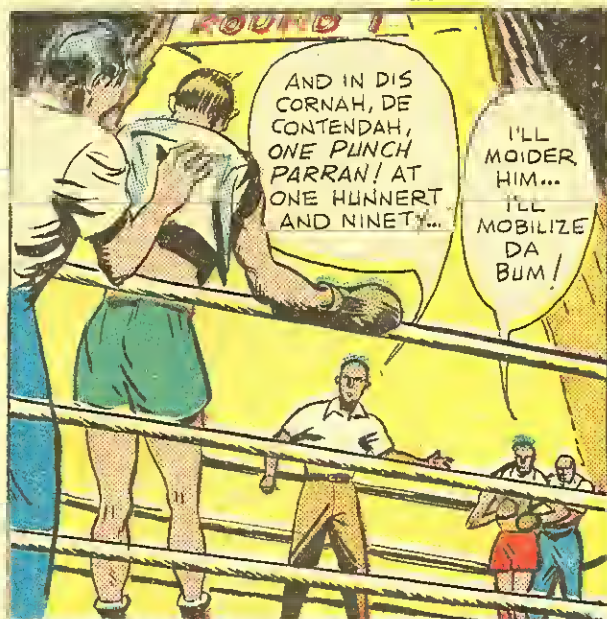
AURGH...  
WHAT THE...  
MY THROAT...  
I CAN'T...  
BREATHE..

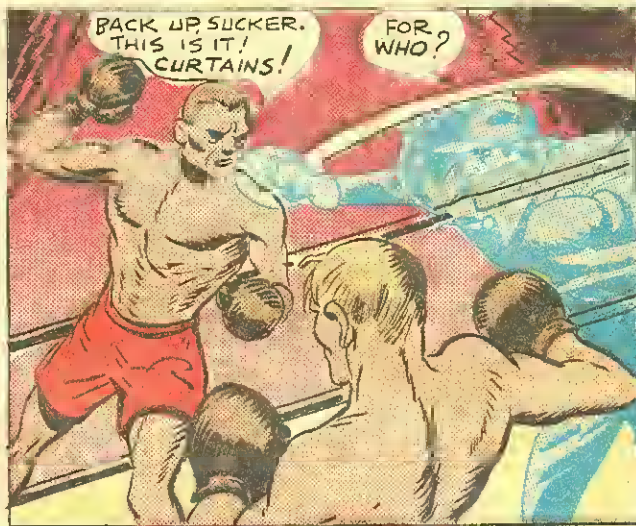
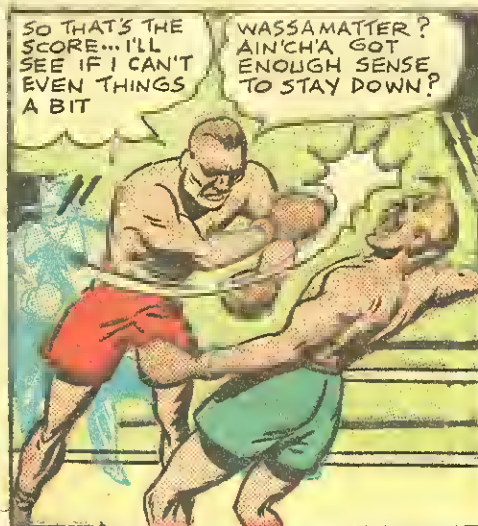
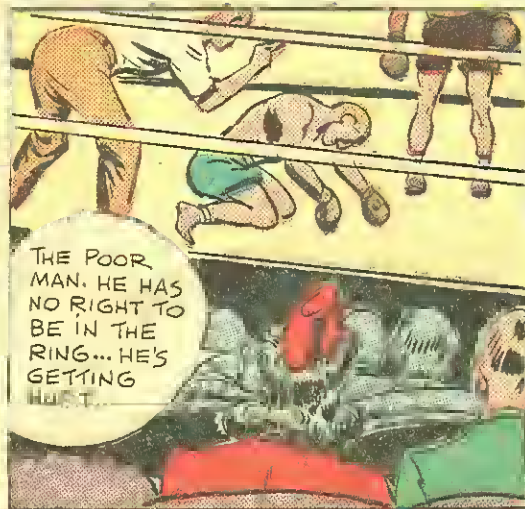
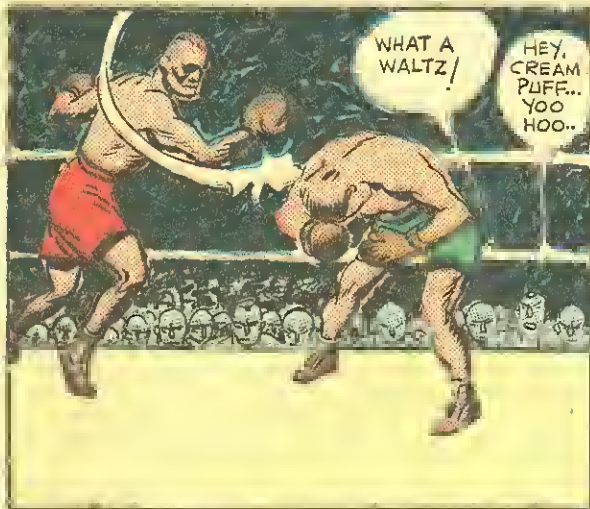
BLAST  
YOU, CHAMP,  
COME DOWN  
OFF THERE!  
IF YOU  
FALL...

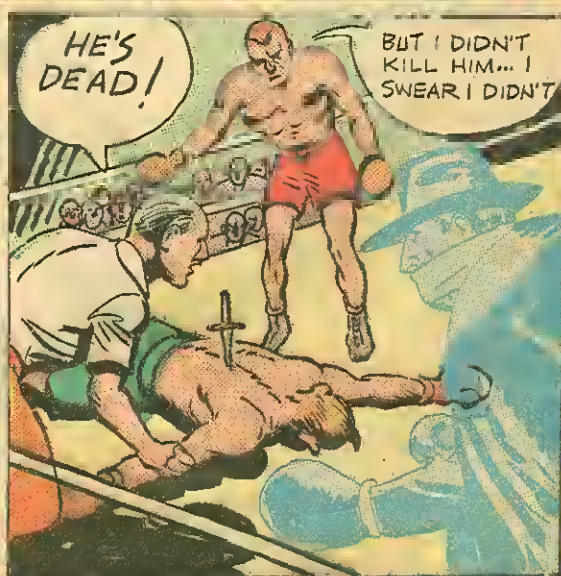
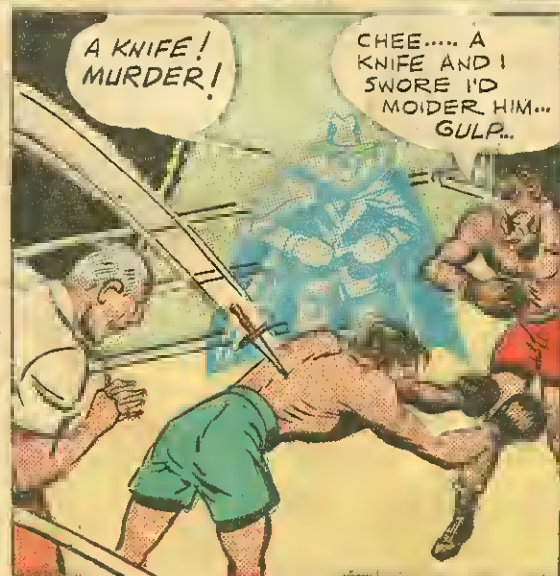
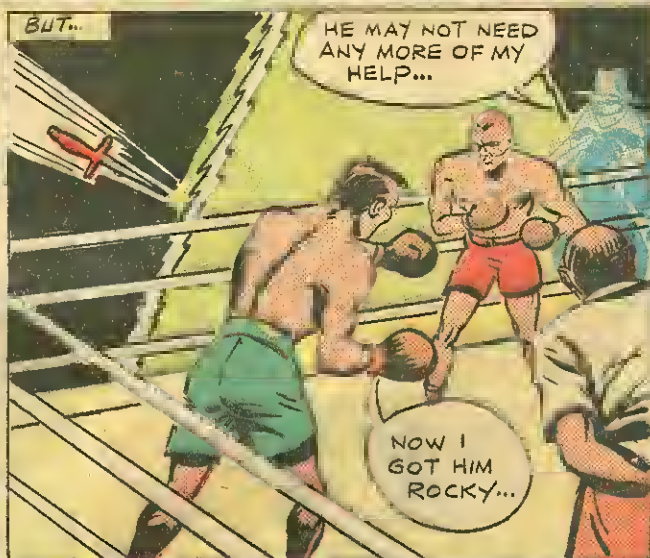
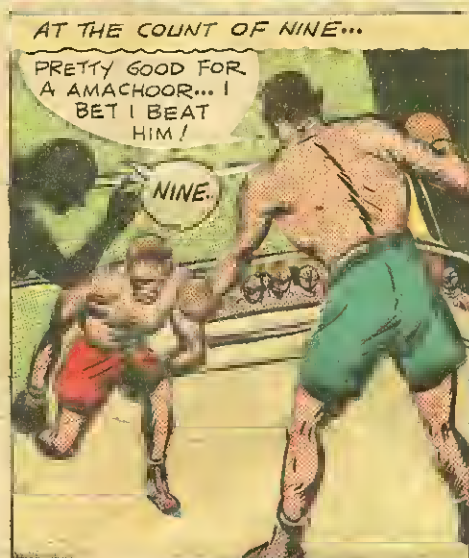
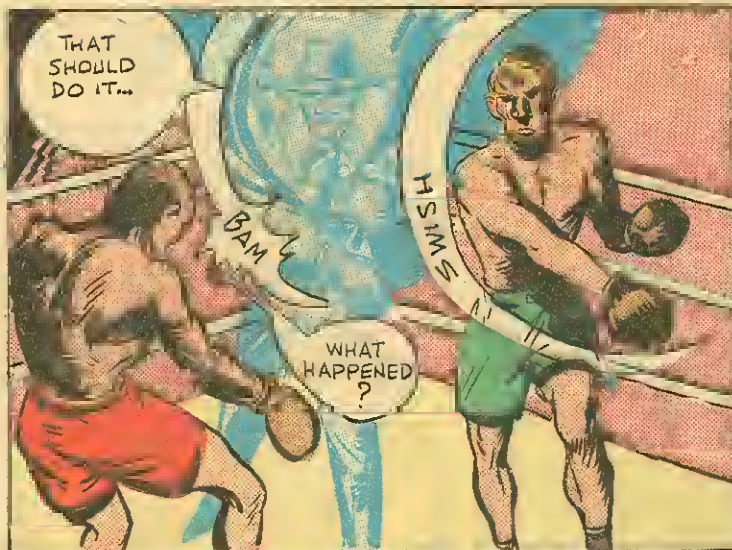
WHO'S  
GONNA  
FALL?  
?

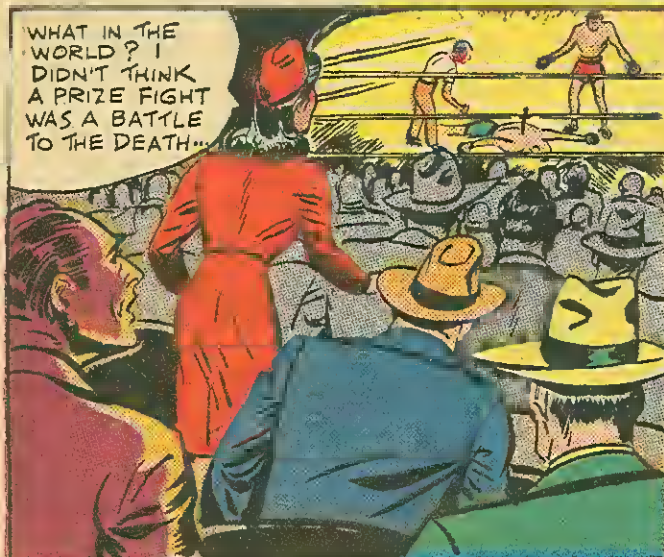












CHAMP... COME ON...  
YOU'RE IN DANGER...

HUH?  
BUT THE  
FIGHT...  
I GOTTA  
FIGHT...

HURRY UP... INTO MY CAR.  
NOW, TELL ME WHERE  
THIS GYM IS THAT YOU  
HAD YOUR ACCIDENT  
IN

BUT THE FIGHT...  
WELL... THE GYM  
IS AT CHESTNUT  
AND VINE

BUT  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

TIME FOR  
EXPLANATIONS  
LATER... AT THE  
MOMENT... HAVE  
YOU A TWIN  
BROTHER?

NOT A TWIN,  
I HAVE A  
KID BROTHER  
WHO LOOKS  
A LOT  
LIKE ME

OH, DEAR...  
THEN IT  
WAS HE  
WHO WAS  
KI....

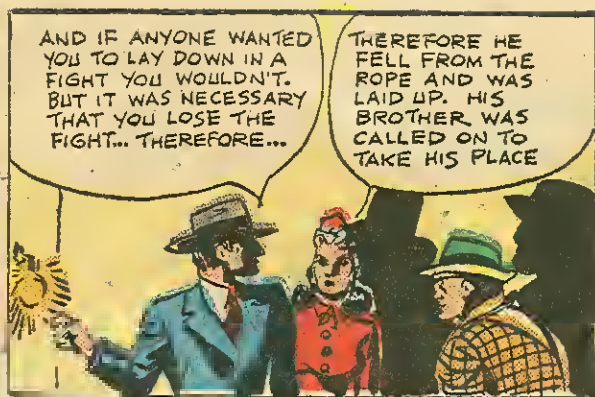
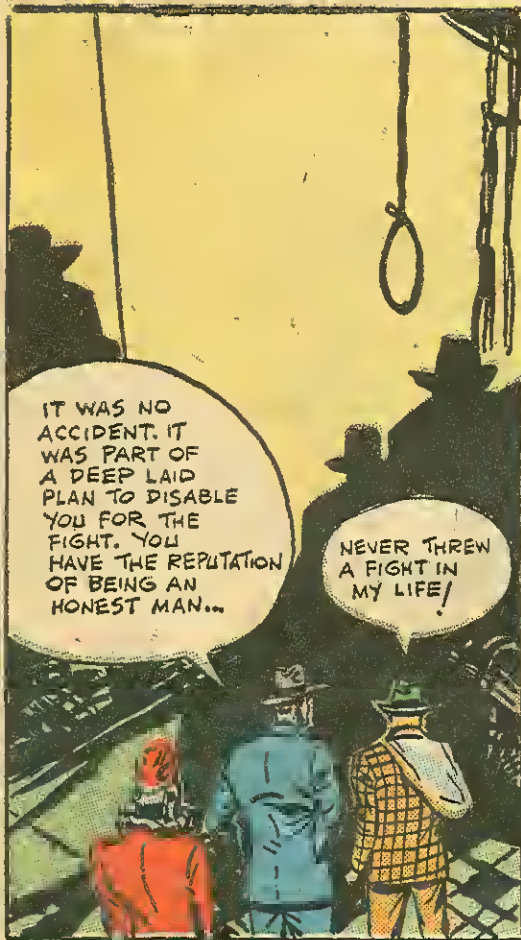
SOMETHIN'  
HAPPENED  
TO HIM!  
WHAT?  
TELL ME!

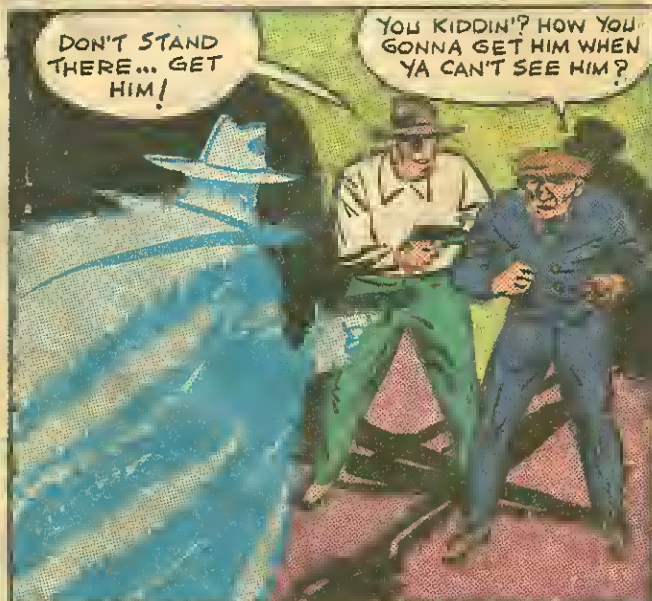
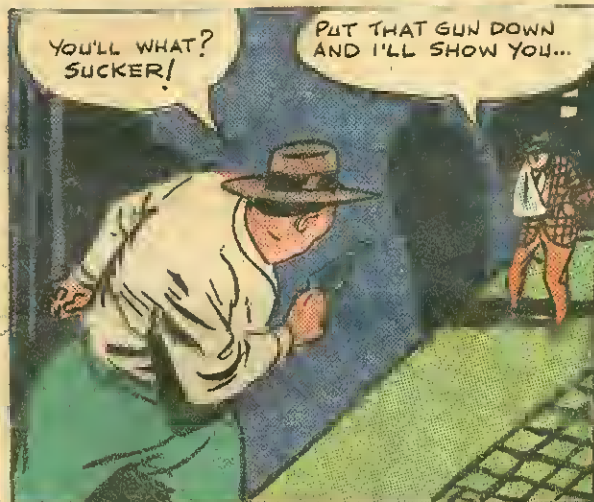
DON'T! YOU'RE  
HURTING ME... I'M  
SORRY... BUT HE  
WAS KILLED IN  
THE RING TONIGHT

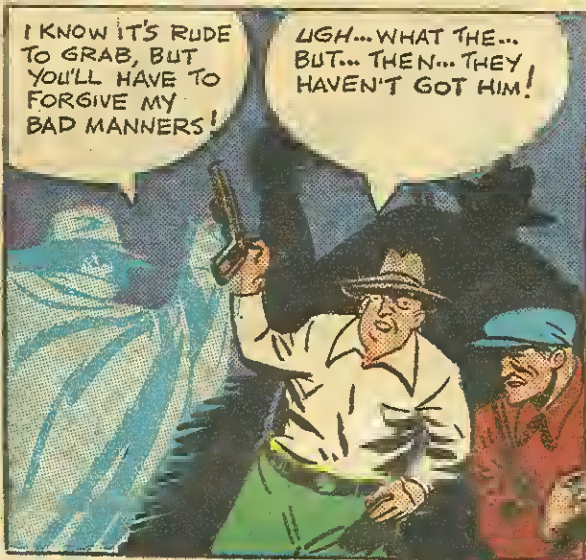
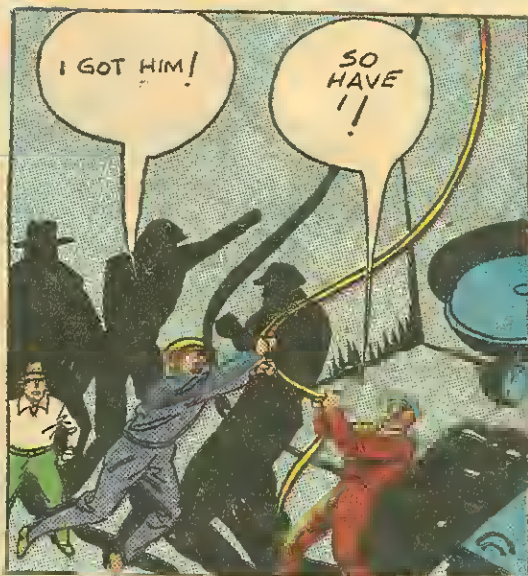
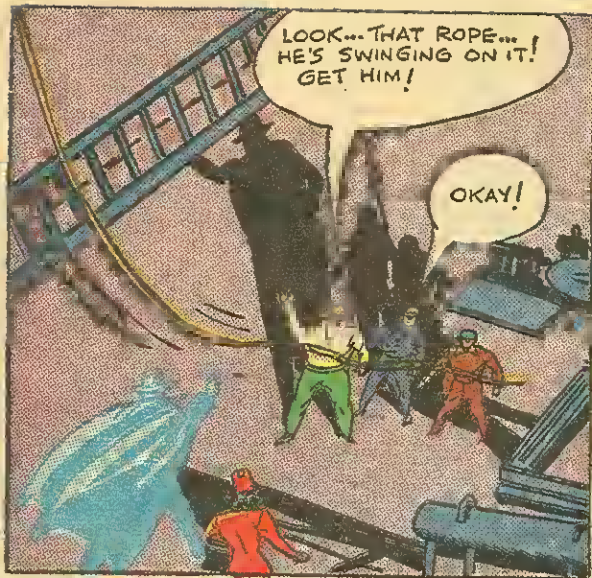
YOUR BROTHER WAS  
KILLED, I FEAR, BY  
THE SAME MAN WHO  
CAUSED YOU TO FALL  
FROM THE TOP OF  
THE ROPE!

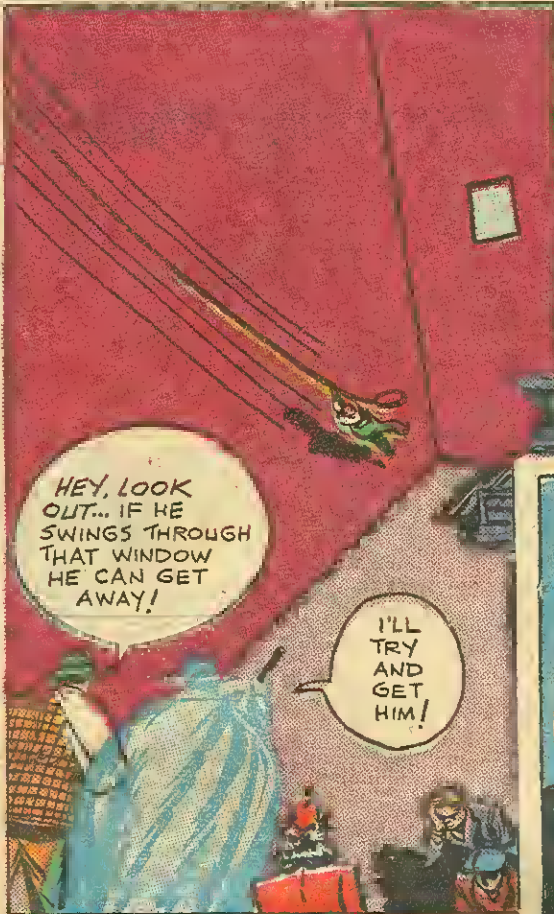
BUT THAT  
WAS AN  
ACCIDENT!

TENNER'S  
GYM









HEY, LOOK OUT... IF HE SWINGS THROUGH THAT WINDOW HE CAN GET AWAY!

I'LL TRY AND GET HIM!



BAD SHOT... HE'S SWINGING TOO FAST!

SO LONG, SUCKERS... GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE!

BANG!



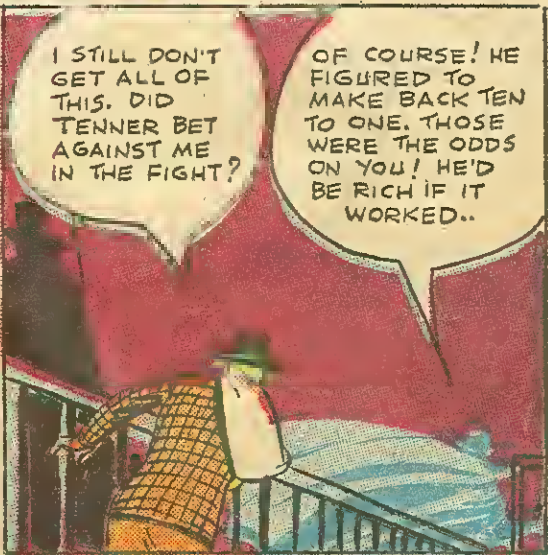
IF THEY SO MUCH AS TWITCH, SHOOT!

DON'T WORRY, I WILL!



BLAST IT, HE MADE IT! IF HE DROPS TO THE GROUND OUT THERE WE'LL NEVER STOP HIM!

MARGO... DON'T LOOK... HERE HOLD THIS GUN ON THOSE TWO PUNCH DRUNK CHARACTERS!



I STILL DON'T GET ALL OF THIS. DID TENNER BET AGAINST ME IN THE FIGHT?

OF COURSE! HE FIGURED TO MAKE BACK TEN TO ONE. THOSE WERE THE ODDS ON YOU! HE'D BE RICH IF IT WORKED..



WHEN THAT ROPE STAYED TAUT... I THOUGHT THIS HAD HAPPENED!



THAT LOOP IN THE END OF THE ROPE GOT HIM AS HE SLID DOWN!

HE COULD ESCAPE EVERYTHING BUT HIS FATE!



WHAT WERE YOU SAYING, SHADOW? HEY... WHERE IS HE?

YOU NEVER KNOW...



I WOULD'A SWORN HE CAME UP THE STAIRS WITH ME...

THAT SHADOW ACROSS THE FLOOR... WHO IS IT?



YOU MEAN ME? WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE? I WENT OUT TO CALL THE POLICE. THEY'RE COMING

IT'S ALL OVER, MR. CRANSTON. THE SHADOW CLEANED UP!



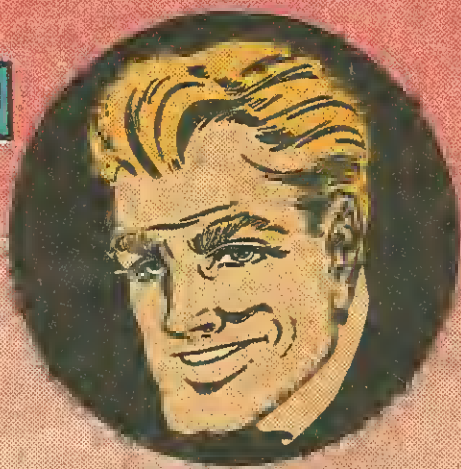
ONE THING I DON'T FIGGER. HOW COME I FELL OFF THE ROPE?

I DOPED THAT OUT! HYDROGEN! THE GAS IS LIGHTER THAN AIR AND WENT UP TO THE CEILING. WHEN YOU CLIMBED INTO IT, IT MADE YOU GROGGY AND YOU FELL!

DOC

# Savage

## SOLVES the TOUCHDOWN MURDER MYSTERY



WINDY GAIL, SENSATIONAL PRO FOOTBALL STAR, SCORED THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN IN THE BIG ALL-STAR GAME, ALTHOUGH HE WAS DEAD.....HE HAD BEEN MURDERED IN PLAIN VIEW OF 50,000 SPECTATORS.....DOC SAVAGE SOLVES THIS FASCINATING GRIDIRON MYSTERY.....READ HOW HE DOES IT!

WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE BOX SEATS ON THE 50 YARD LINE DOC!

WELL, WITH BOTH YOUR BOYFRIENDS IN THE GAME, IT WASN'T ANY PROBLEM!

HERE Y'ARE! GET YOUR LINE-UP FOR THE BIG GAME!

BILL CORUM PREDICTS WINDY'S GOING TO HAVE A BIG DAY!

IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE DOC!



DAILY BURP Sports  
by Bill Corum

PROS FAVORED OVER COLLEGE STARS IN BIG GAME AT YANKEE STADIUM

BACKFIELD INCLUDES "WINDY" GAIL AND "SHORTY" STUBBS, LEADING SPRING PAIR OF SEASON.....

CLOSE SCORE EXPECTED

SLEWFOOD DEBUT IN THE SPRING GREAT

HERE Y'ARE SIR.. **THANK YOU!!** REALLY? WHAT'S UP?

WINDY AND I ARE GOING TO BE **MARRIED** RIGHT AFTER THE GAME! IT'S A **SECRET** BUT WE WANTED YOU TO KNOW!



DOES **SHORTY** KNOW ABOUT THIS YET?

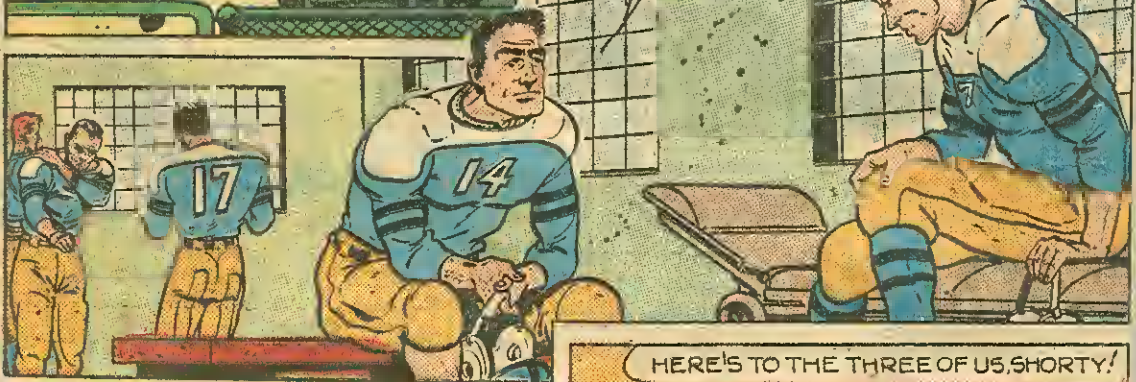
NOOOO...NOT YET... WINDY SAID HE'D **BREAK THE NEWS** TO HIM IN THE **DRESSING ROOM!**



**MEANWHILE** IN THE DRESSING ROOM.....

I TOLD VI I WANTED TO TELL YOU! I **KNOW** YOU WISH US LUCK!!

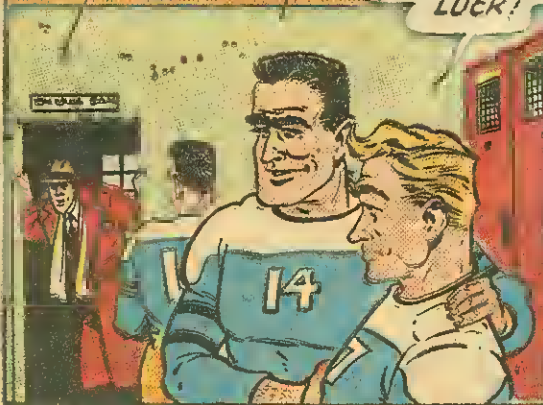
Y...YEAH...SURE! IT'S OKAY WINDY!



**ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY!** LET'S GET ON THE FIELD!

WELL, PAL, HOW ABOUT A DRINK OF ICE WATER ON IT?!

SURE! LET'S DRINK FOR LUCK!

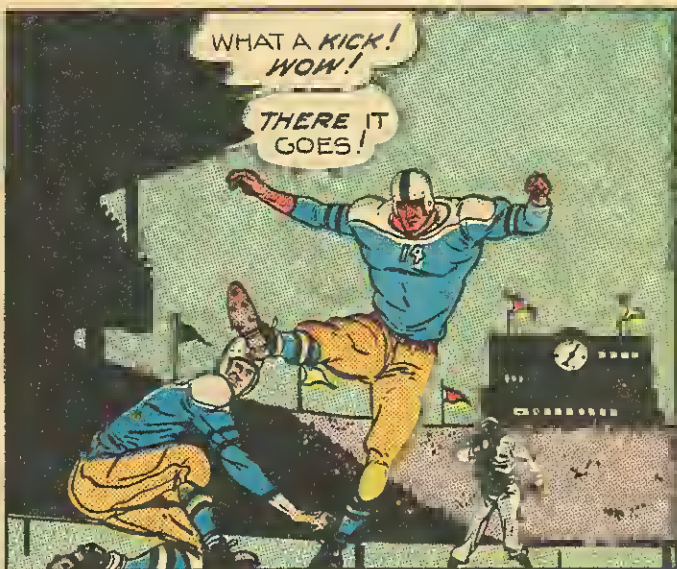


HERE'S TO THE THREE OF US, SHORTY!

YEAH! HERE'S LUCK!

C'MON! LET'S GO!!





WELL, FOLKS, THE *COLLEGE BOYS* HAVE MORE THAN HELD THEIR OWN IN THESE *FIRST TWO QUARTERS!* WITH ONLY *TWO MINUTES* OF PLAY LEFT IN THE *HALF*, THEY LEAD 6 TO 0! *WINDY GAIL* HAS BEEN *COMPLETELY STOPPED!*



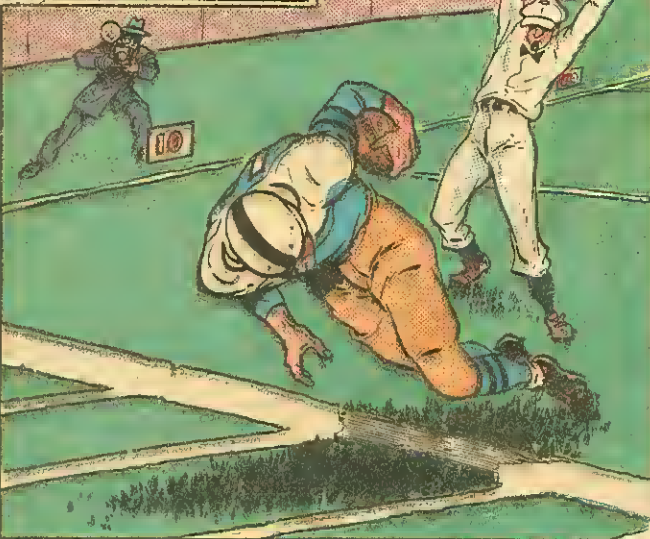
GAIL'S BACK TO KICK...THE BALL'S SNAPPED...  
AND GAIL IS RUNNING WITH THE BALL.....



...AND GAIL IS IN THE CLEAR!!! HE'S OFF FOR A  
TOUCHDOWN!!! TWENTY...TEN...FIVE...AND...

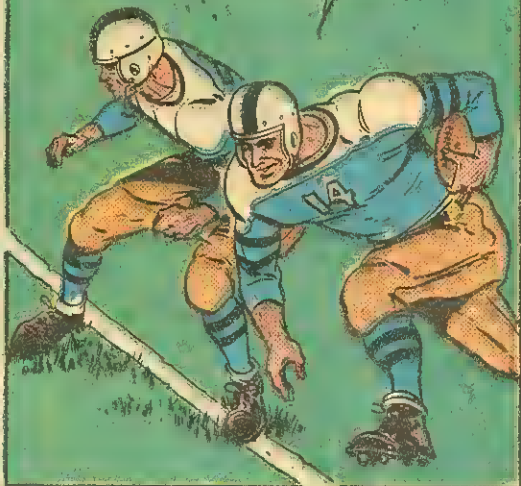


HE'S OVER!!!! GAIL SCORES!! OH/OH!!  
HE'S FALLEN DOWN!!!!



TAKE IT AWAY,  
PAL!!.....I'LL  
TAKE CARE  
OF THESE  
JOKERS!

RAJAH!!.....I'M  
ON MY  
WAY!

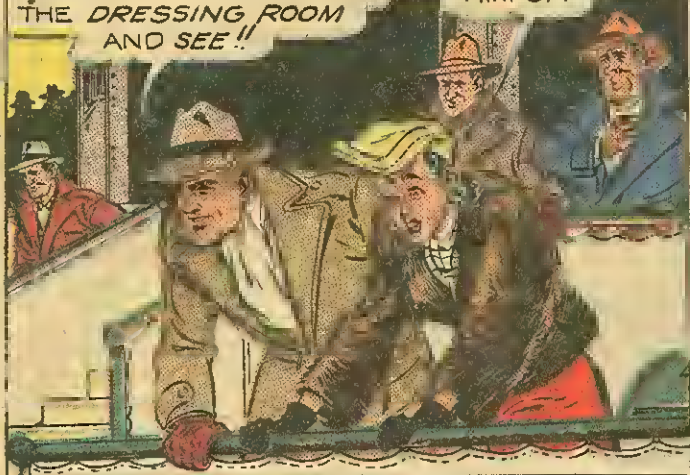


WHAT A PLAY! THE SCORE'S TIED  
AND THE PROS' TEAM HAS A  
CHANCE TO GO INTO THE LEAD BY  
ONE POINT! BUT, WAIT A MINUTE  
IT LOOKS LIKE WINDY GAIL WAS  
HURT ON THAT PLAY! HE'S STILL  
LYING ON THE GROUND!



OH, DOC!...HE MUST BE **PRETTY BADLY HURT**  
**COME ON! WE'LL GO TO THE DRESSING ROOM**  
**AND SEE!!**

IF THEY CARRIED HIM OFF



UH....HELLO, MISS HAYES!

HELLO, COACH HOLDER! YOU'VE MET DOC SAVAGE, HAVEN'T YOU?



MISS HAYES.....I'VE GOT **TERRIBLE NEWS** FOR YOU!

**WINDY'S DEAD**

D...DEAD? WHY THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



THE DOCTOR IS EXAMINING HIM NOW BUT I THINK HE DIED OF A **HEART ATTACK!**

I'M CERTAIN **WINDY NEVER HAD HEART TROUBLE!**



VII!.....HOW'S WINDY? VI! **ANSWER ME!....**  
**DEAD? OH THAT'S TERRIBLE!!**

IS HE?...?

**WINDY'S DEAD, SHORTY!!**



SAY, DOC, CAN I SPEAK TO YOU  
PRIVATELY?

WHY, SURE,  
SHORTY!

TORFIELD

I SAW SOMETHING ON THAT LAST PLAY,  
DOC! WHEN WINDY PASSED ME ON THAT  
RUN, I NOTICED A DARK  
SPOT ON THE BACK  
OF HIS  
JERSEY!

DON'T SAY ANY-  
THING TO ANYONE!  
I'LL CHECK IT.  
MAY JUST HAVE  
BEEN MUD!

NOT THAT SPOT, DOC. MUD ISN'T  
DARK RED, LIKE THAT  
WAS!

NOBODY GO IN THERE! I'VE SENT FOR THE  
POLICE! IT APPEARS THAT WINDY GAIL  
WAS SHOT.... SHOT IN  
THE SPINAL  
COLUMN!

EXCUSE ME,  
SHORTY...OH, SAY  
DOCTOR!...HAVE YOU  
FOUND THE  
BULLET?

NO....I CAN'T FIND THE BULLET! BUT IT WAS PROBABLY SMALL....22 CALIBRE,  
MAYBE, JUDGING FROM THE SIZE OF  
WOUND I FOUND! BUT IT'S  
DEFINITELY, A CASE OF  
MURDER!!

EASY, VI....EASY!

THEN THE MURDERER MUST HAVE FIRED AT CLOSE RANGE!

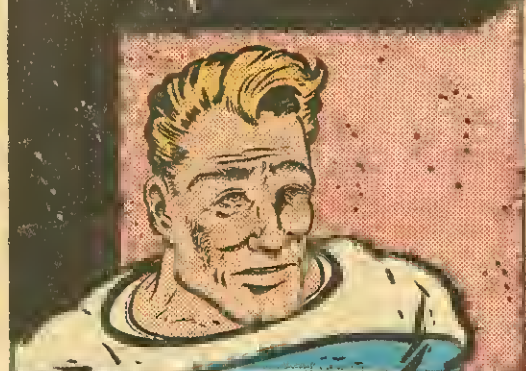
COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN SOME-ONE ON THE SIDELINES?



IT COULD HAVE BEEN! WE WERE ONLY 15 YARDS IN FROM THE SIDELINES ON THE PLAY!

THE HEAD LINESMAN WANTS TO BORROW YOUR GUN, MR HOWELL! THE THIRD QUARTER'S ABOUT TO START!

MY GUN? OH...ER, I...AH, I NEVER USE A GUN ANYMORE, I USE A WHISTLE!



HERE! I HAVE A GUN IN MY DESK DRAWER! USE THIS ONE! AND HERE ARE SOME CARTRIDGES....OOOPS!

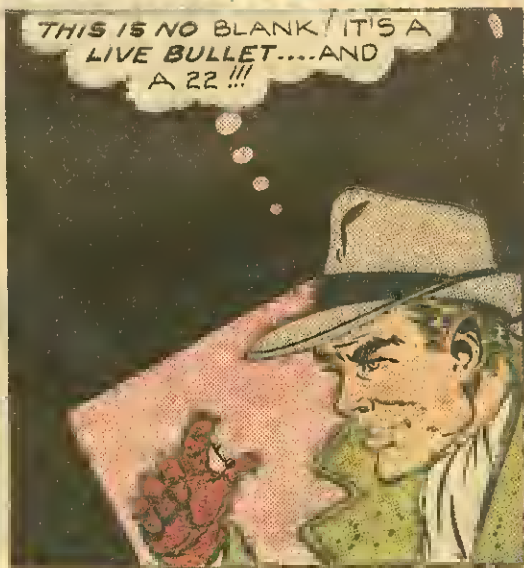
I'LL GET IT!

I DROPPED ONE!!

OKE, COACH, THANKS!



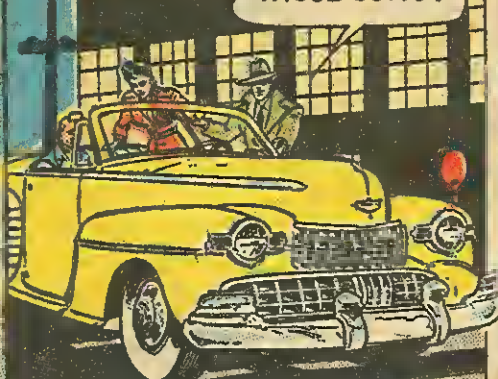
THIS IS NO BLANK! IT'S A LIVE BULLET....AND A 22 !!!



**DISMISSED AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE EVERYONE GOES HOME, BUT THAT NIGHT DOC SAVAGE PICKS SHORTY STUBBS AND THEN DRIVES BY TO CALL FOR VIOLET HAYES...**

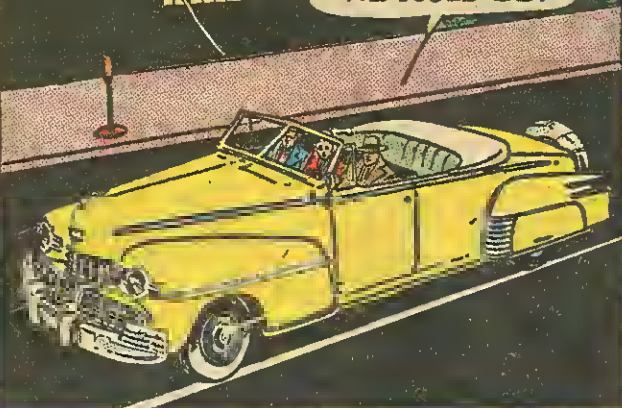
HELLO, SHORTY.....WELL, DOC SAVAGE, YOU'RE BEING **VERY MYSTERIOUS**...CAN'T YOU TELL US WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING TO DO?!

WELL, YOU SEE.... EITHER **HOWELL'S GUN** OR **TINY HOLDER'S** MAY BE THE **MURDER WEAPON!** WE'RE GOING TO GET **THOSE GUNS!**

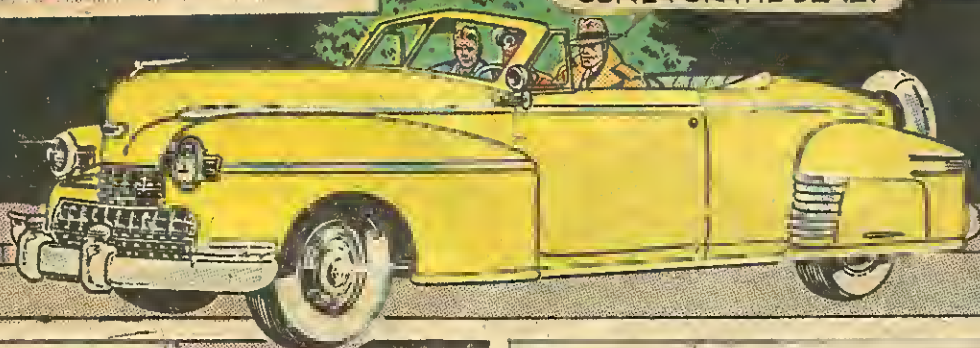


YOU DON'T THINK **COACH HOLDER'S** INVOLVED IN THIS, DO YOU, DOC?

I DON'T KNOW, VI..... HE **COULD BE!**



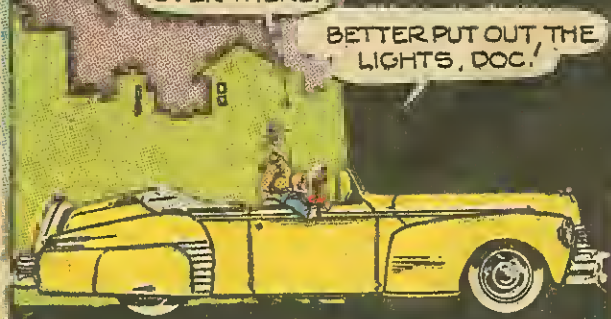
WHY NOT? **WINDY KNEW TINY HAD BEEN PROPOSITIONED BY THE COSTELLO MOB TO THROW THIS GAME!** WINDY TOLD ME ABOUT IT AFTER TINY TOLD HIM! TINY MIGHT HAVE GONE FOR THE DEAL!



WELL, HERE WE ARE! NOW TO FIND THE **DOOR TO TINY HOLDER'S OFFICE!**

THAT'S IT, TO THE LEFT! RIGHT OVER THERE!

BETTER PUT OUT THE **LIGHTS, DOC!**

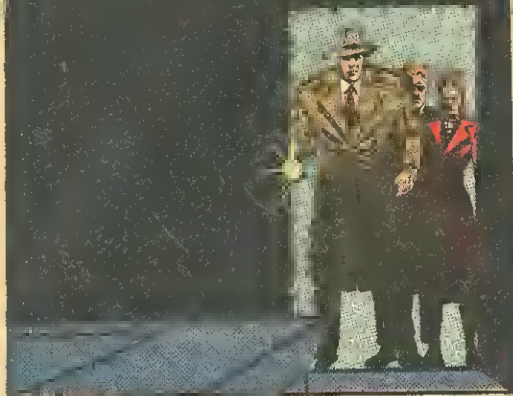


THERE IT IS! IT'S A **CINCH TO OPEN** IF YOU KNOW HOW!

WONDER IF THE **DESK IS LOCKED?**



THERE'S THE DESK! LET'S SEE  
WHAT WE FIND!



EMPTY! THE GUN'S GONE!

SURE! WHAT'D YOU EXPECT?  
HE WOULDN'T LEAVE IT FOR  
THE POLICE!!

SHHH! I HEAR  
FOOTSTEPS  
COMING THIS  
WAY! EVERYBODY  
KEEP  
QUIET!



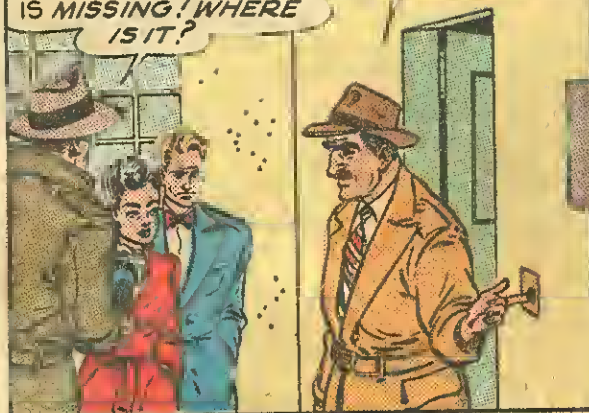
WHO'S THERE AND WHAT DO YOU  
WANT?

IT'S DOC SAVAGE!!  
I'M AFTER THE SAME  
THING YOU CAME  
FOR... YOUR  
GUN!



WHY, DOC, YOU DON'T THINK I KILLED  
WINDY, DO YOU?

WELL, YOUR GUN  
IS MISSING! WHERE  
IS IT?



I HAVE IT RIGHT HERE !!!

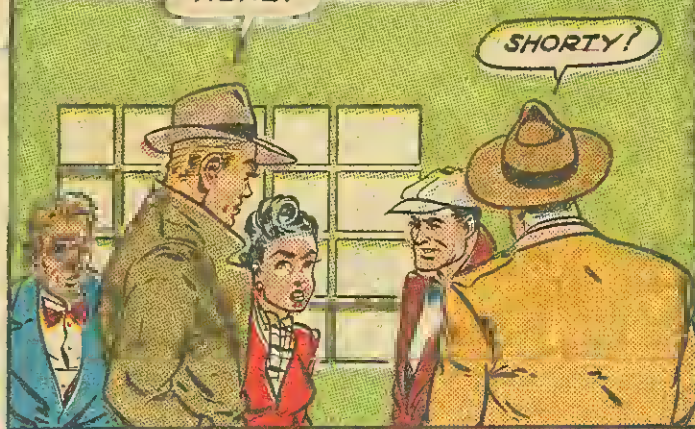
HOWELL! WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING  
HERE?



I CAME TO RETURN TINY'S GUN AND TO  
TELL HIM HE'S IN THE CLEAR! I'VE JUST BEEN  
TO THE POLICE AND THE POST MORTEM  
IS FINISHED! WINDY WASN'T SHOT AT  
ALL... HE WAS STABBED!



YES I'VE KNOWN THAT SINCE LATE THIS AFTER-  
NOON! I PRETENDED I WANTED TO GET TINY'S  
GUN JUST TO GET SHORTY  
HERE!



BECAUSE SHORTY IS THE  
MURDERER!!! HE KILLED  
WINDY WITH THE  
ICE PICK!



OKAY, WISE GUY, SO YOU FOUND OUT!

LOOK OUT, VI!!!  
HE'S GOT A  
GUN!!

SUPPOSE I  
DID DO  
IT?

SHORTY!!

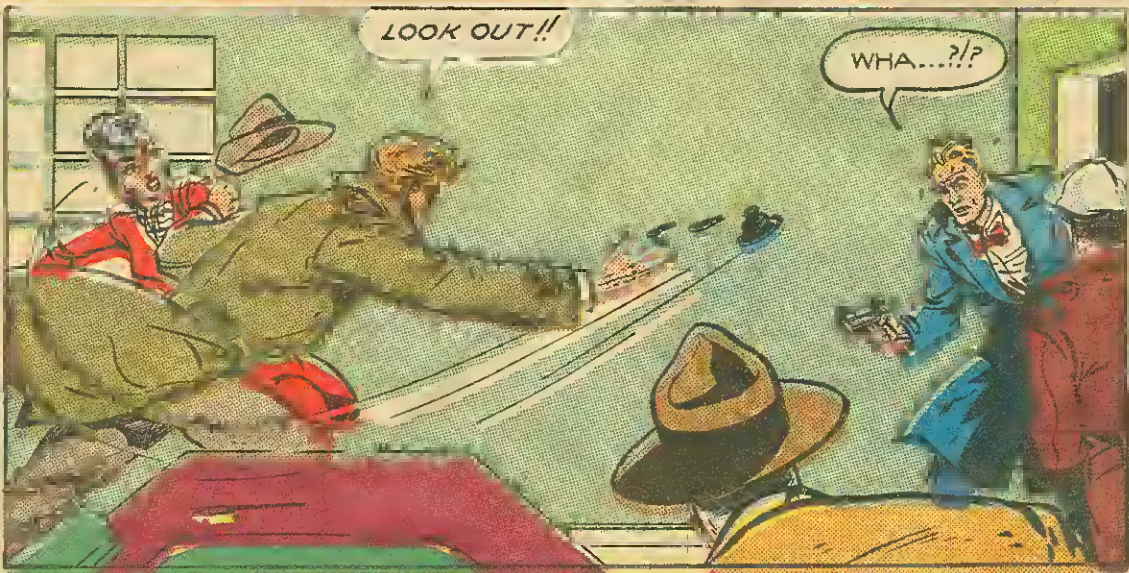


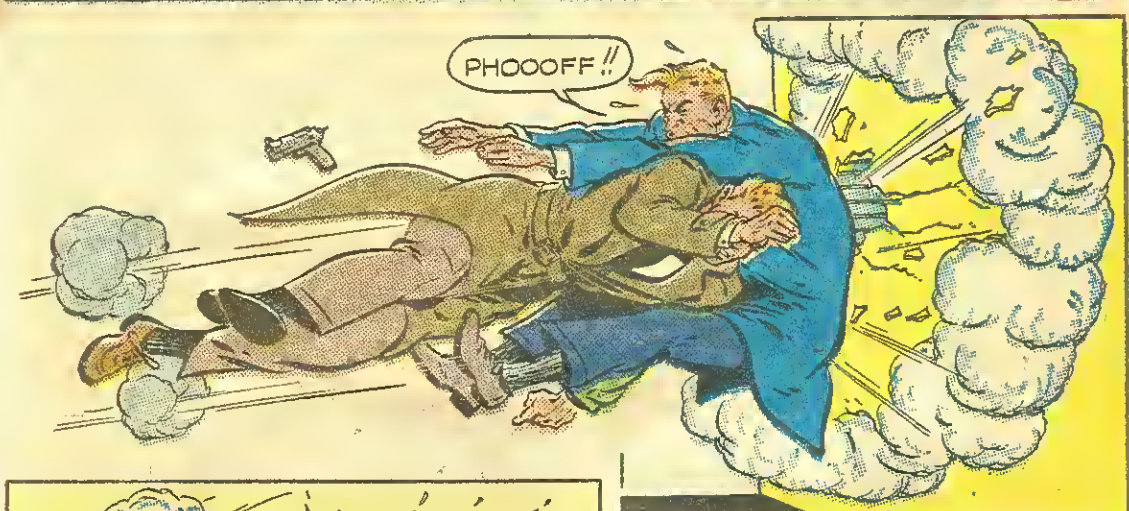
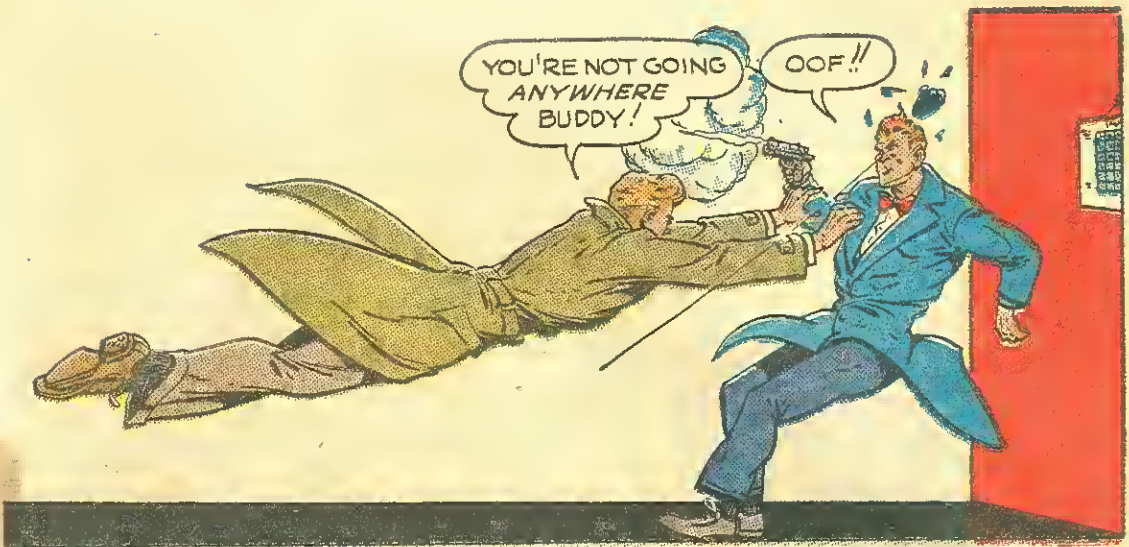
FOR THREE YEARS HE STOLE ALL  
THE GLORY FROM ME. NOW HE  
WAS ABOUT TO TAKE THE GIRL  
I LOVED! YES, I KILLED HIM....  
AND IF ANYONE OF YOU MOVES  
A MUSCLE, YOU'LL DIE, TOO!! I'M  
GETTING OUT OF HERE! I'LL  
SHOOT ANYONE WHO  
FOLLOWS!!



LOOK OUT!!

WHA...?/?



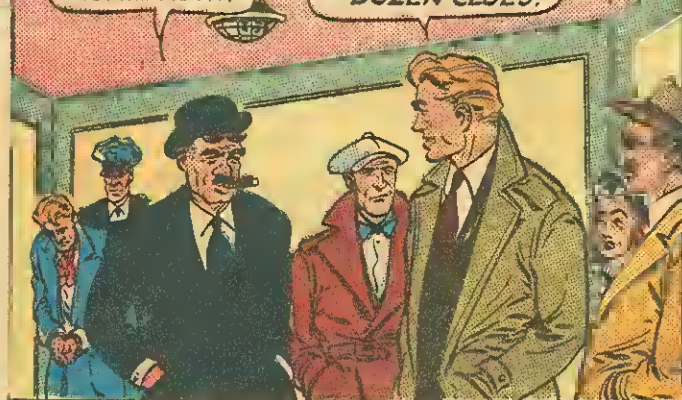


**HALF AN HOUR LATER....**

NICE WORK, SAVAGE....  
BUT HOW'D YA TUMBLE  
TO SHORTY'S GUILT?.....  
HUH?....HOW?!

YES, DOC, WHAT ON EARTH  
MADE YOU **SUSPECT**  
**SHORTY?**

AT LEAST A  
**DOZEN CLUES!**

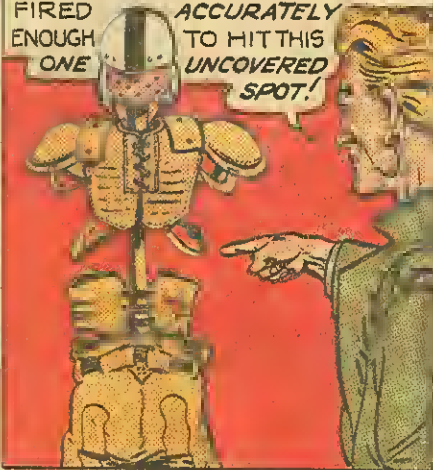


BUT HOW DID WINDY **KEEP RUNNING** WITH THE  
BALL **AFTER HE'D BEEN**  
STABBED!

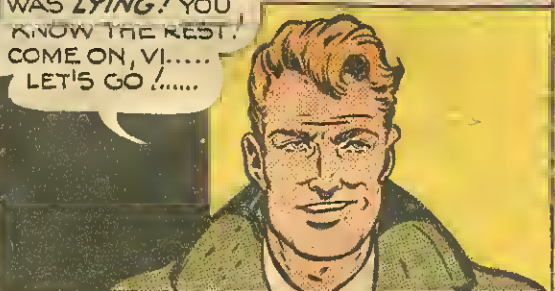
IT GENERALLY TAKES  
FROM **5 TO 10 SECONDS** FOR  
SUCH A **WOUND** TO TAKE  
**EFFECT!** WINDY HAD JUST  
ENOUGH TIME TO SCORE HIS **LAST**  
TOUCHDOWN!



LOOK AT THIS FOOTBALL CLOTH-  
ING....IT WAS **APPARENT** THAT  
THE PERSON WHO KILLED WINDY  
WAS **FAMILAR** WITH FOOTBALL  
**UNIFORMS!** A .22 CALIBRE  
BULLET **COULDN'T HAVE BEEN**  
FIRED **ACCURATELY**  
ENOUGH **ONE** TO HIT THIS  
**UNCOVERED**  
**SPOT!**



BUT SHORTY **PRACTICALLY CONFESSED**  
**THE MURDER** WHEN HE TOLD ME HE HAD  
SEEN A **BLOODSPOT** ON WINDY'S JERSEY  
AS HE PASSED HIM! I ASKED THE DOCTOR  
LATER AND LEARNED THAT THE **WOUND**  
**HADN'T BLED AT ALL!** SO I **KNEW** SHORTY  
WAS **LYING!** YOU  
KNOW THE REST!  
COME ON, VI.....  
LET'S GO !.....



**AN HOUR LATER...**

WE COULDN'T BRING WINDY BACK, VI, BUT AT LEAST WE SAW  
THAT HIS MURDERER WAS CAUGHT !.....AND, VI, DON'T LET  
YOURSELF GET **TOO**  
**LONELY!.....**

WELL?...**THAT**, I THINK,  
WILL BE **UP TO YOU**!  
HMMMM ???...



HONESTLY NOW—DID YOU NOTICE THE  
OBVIOUS CLUE ON PAGE 20, PANEL 2?  
DID YOU SEE THE ICE PICK IN SHORTY'S  
HAND? HOW LITTLE WE SEE WHEN WE LOOK

# NICK CARTER

# THE EIGHT BALL MURDER

MASTER DETECTIVE

PREMEDITATED MURDER — THE ARCH CRIME OF THEM ALL! NO MATTER HOW CAREFULLY PLANNED; HOW EXPERTLY EXECUTED; IT'S MOTIVES AND CLUES—HOW EXPERTLY HIDDEN FROM THE SEARCHING EYES OF THE LAW.....

"MURDER WILL OUT"

HERE IS ANOTHER CASE FROM THE RECORDS OF NICK CARTER PROVING THIS' OLD ADAGE .....

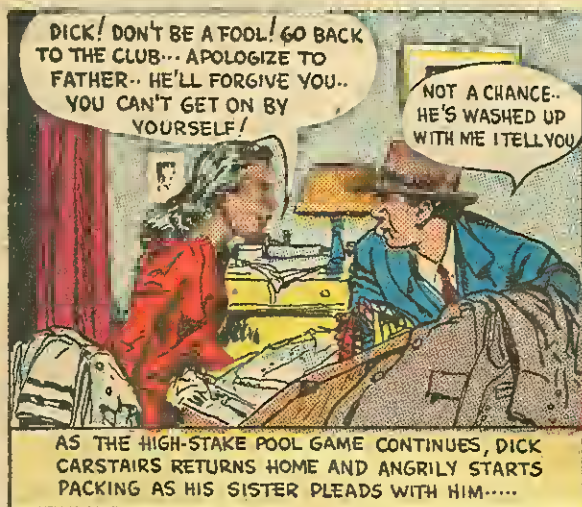
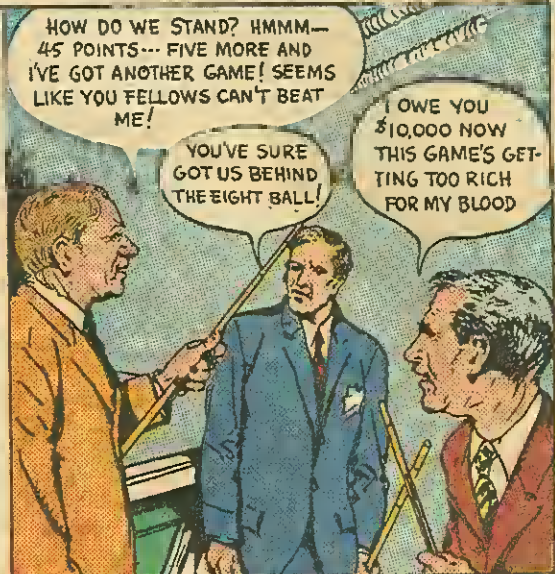
TUNE IN EACH WEEK ON NICK CARTER OVER MUTUAL NETWORK SUNDAY EVENING 6:30 P.M. E.S.T. SPONSORED BY OLD DUTCH CLEANSER



THIS CASE BEGINS ONE NIGHT AT THE EXCLUSIVE CENTER TOWN BANKERS CLUB AS THE POOL PLAYERS EAVESDROP UPON AN ARGUMENT IN THE VISITORS ROOM...







LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT, MISS CARSTAIRS. YOUR DAD THREW YOUR BROTHER OUT... THEN YOU TALKED YOUR BROTHER INTO GOING BACK TO THE CLUB AND APOLOGIZING....AND NOW

FATHER'S BEEN KILLED AND THEY THINK DICK KILLED HIM! I KNOW HE DIDN'T... I WANT YOU TO PROVE IT!

WE'LL GO OVER TO THE CLUB AND LOOK INTO THE FACTS...IF HE'S INNOCENT, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO...

MY CAR'S WAITING OUTSIDE

ONE HOUR LATER IN THE OFFICE OF NICK CARTER....

NICK CARTER!...WELL THIS IS ONE CASE YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT-WE'VE GOT THE KILLER RIGHT HERE.. DICK CARSTAIRS MURDERED HIS FATHER!

IT'S A LIE!

IF YOU DON'T MIND BURKE- I'D LIKE TO GET ALL THE FACTS BEFORE ANYBODY LEAVES THE ROOM

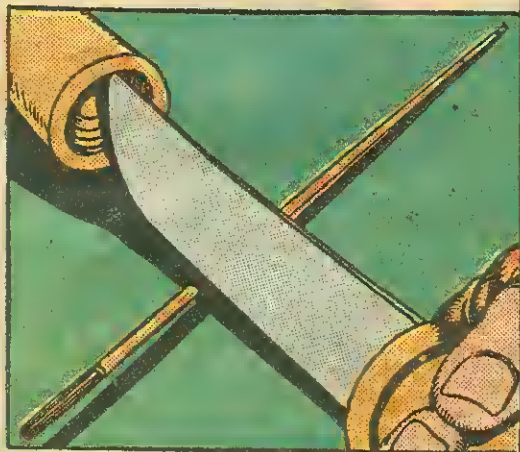
UH..NO..NOT YET.TURNED EVERYBODY AND THE ROOM INSIDE OUT.. BUT THE KID HID IT SOMEPLACE..WE'LL FIND IT!

HMMM- STABBED IN THE LEFT SIDE... PIERCED THE HEART... YOU'VE FOUND THE KNIFE, INSPECTOR?

WHO WAS THE BIG WINNER?

CARSTAIRS.. HE'S BEEN BEATING DRAKE AND ME REGULARLY FOR THE PAST MONTH

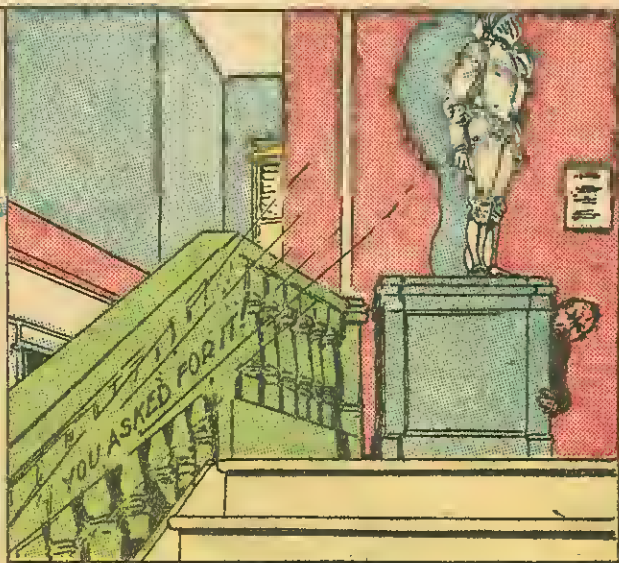
NICK'S EYE FALLS ON THE CUE RACK... MYSTERIOUSLY, HE  
BEGINS TO EXAMINE THEM CLOSELY..... SUDDENLY.....

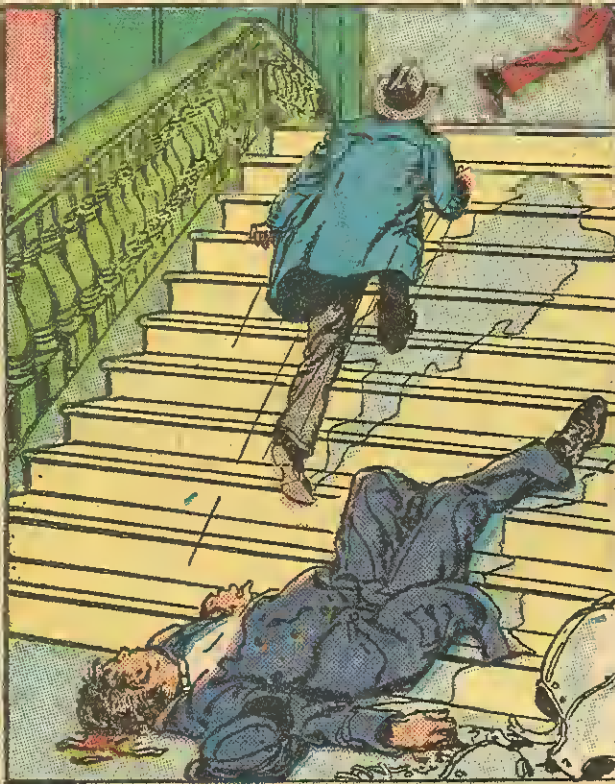


A comic book panel depicting a tense moment. On the left, a police officer in a blue uniform and cap points a handgun towards a man in a red jacket. The man in the red jacket is being held or supported by a woman in a red dress. A man in a blue suit stands behind them. In the foreground, a man wearing a brown fedora and a blue jacket is seen from the back, looking towards the group. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the officer saying "COME BACK HERE! /-/" and another from the man in the blue suit saying "AFTER HIM!". The background shows a simple interior with a yellow wall and a small framed picture.

A comic book panel depicting a tense moment. On the left, a police officer in a blue uniform and cap points a handgun towards a man in a red jacket. The man in the red jacket is being held or supported by a woman in a red dress. A man in a blue suit stands nearby, looking on. A man in a brown hat is in the foreground, looking towards the group. Speech bubbles indicate the officer is shouting "COME BACK HERE! /-/" and another person is shouting "AFTER HIM!". The scene is set indoors, possibly in a hallway or room with wood paneling.

TRAPPED-GUILT SMEARED ACROSS HIS FACE-DRAKE MAKES HIS MAD BREAK....

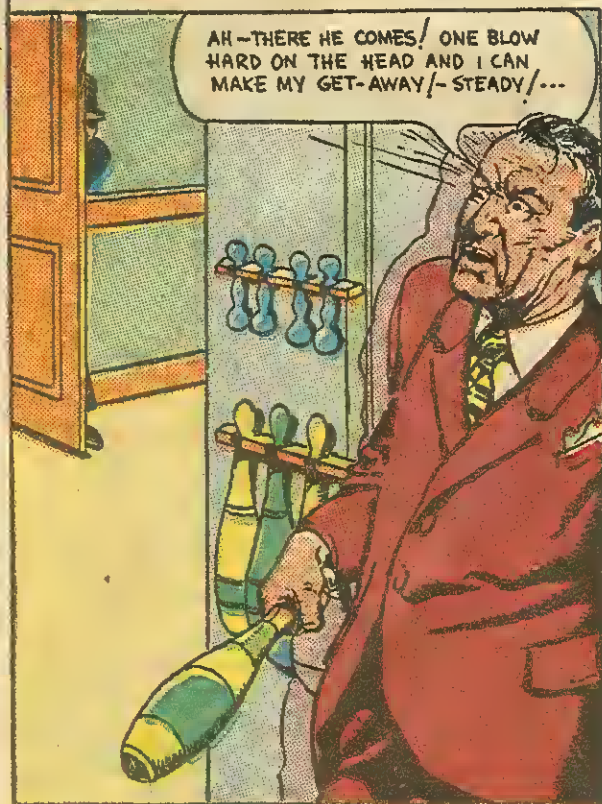




BURKE IS KNOCKED OUT ----  
NICK CONTINUES THE CHASE ALONE!...



SECONDS LATER, NICK GAINS THE  
TOP OF THE STAIRS----



AH--THERE HE COMES! ONE BLOW  
HARD ON THE HEAD AND I CAN  
MAKE MY GET-AWAY!/- STEADY!...





SORRY TO SPOIL---



YOUR  
SURPRIZE  
PARTY/

UGH!

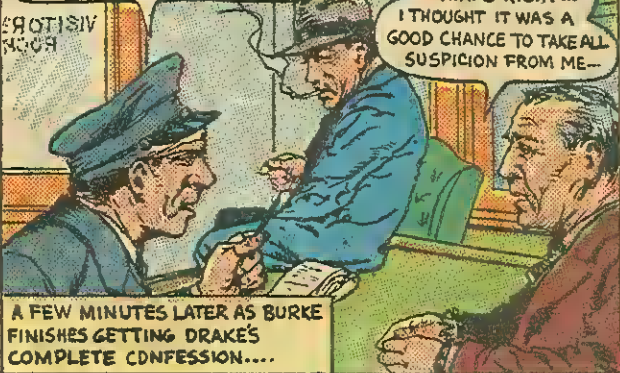
IF YOU HADN'T FOUND THAT BLADE IN THE CUE STICK, NICK, I'D HAVE SENT UP AND GOT HIM CONVICTED ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE BEFORE ANY JURY!-- HOW'D YOU GUESS IT WAS THERE?

IT HAD TO BE IN THE ROOM AND THE ONLY PLACE LEFT YOU HADN'T SEARCHED WERE THE CUES... I FIGURED IF CANES CAN HOLD SWORDS WHY NOT A CUE HOLD A BLADE?

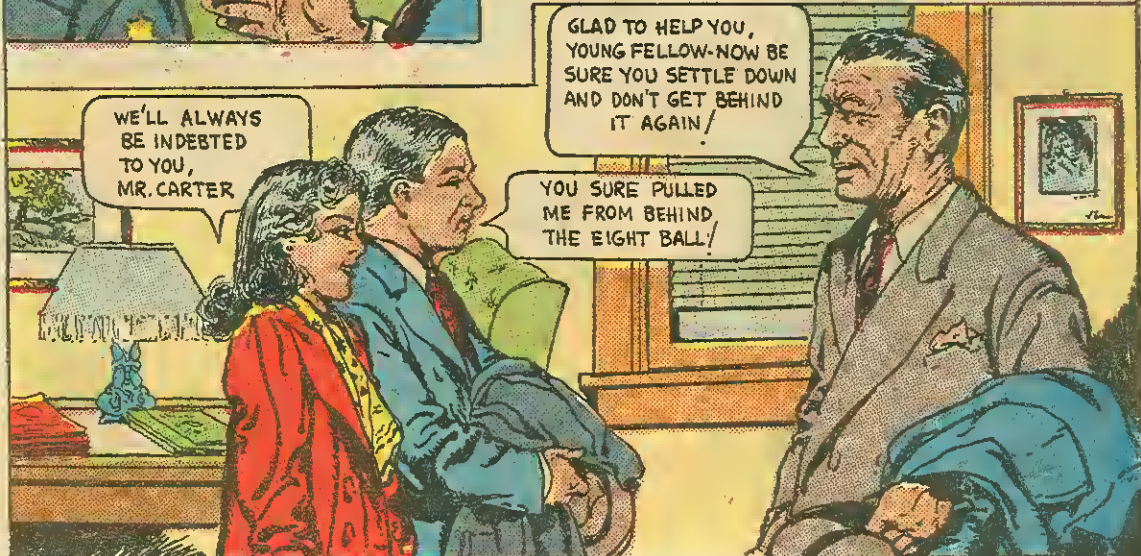


THAT'S THAT! YOU OWED CARSTAIRS \$10,000-- COULDN'T PAY SO YOU MURDERED AND TRIED TO PIN IT ON DICK, KNOWING HE HAD ATTACKED HIS FATHER EARLIER IN THE NIGHT.

THAT'S RIGHT... I THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD CHANCE TO TAKE ALL SUSPICION FROM ME--



A FEW MINUTES LATER AS BURKE FINISHES GETTING DRAKE'S COMPLETE CONFESSION....



WE'LL ALWAYS BE INDEBTED TO YOU, MR. CARTER

GLAD TO HELP YOU, YOUNG FELLOW-- NOW BE SURE YOU SETTLE DOWN AND DON'T GET BEHIND IT AGAIN!

YOU SURE PULLED ME FROM BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL!



# THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

THE VIOLATORS OF OUR FEDERAL LAWS HAVE THE SAME CHANCE THAT A SNOWBALL HAS IN A HOT OVEN.

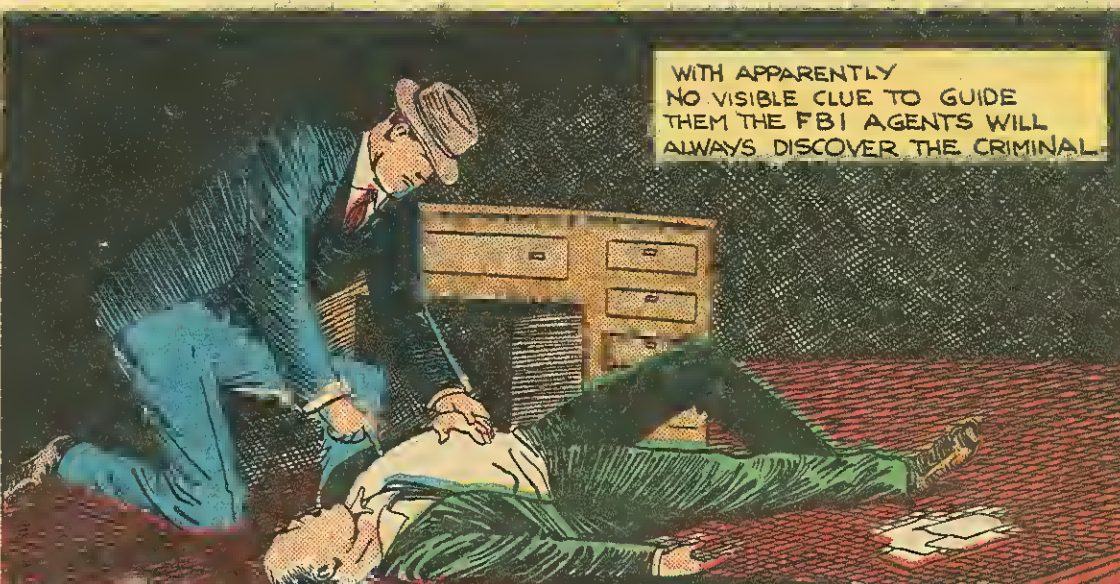
TRAITORS AND SABOTEURS DO NOT ALWAYS LOOK LIKE CRIMINALS.

ENEMY AGENTS WORKING IN THE DARK FALL ULTIMATELY IN THE FBI NET.


THE FBI AGENT CAN SHOOT WITH DEADLY ACCURACY.

TOP SECRETS  
of the **F.B.I.**

Thornton Fisher, famous newspaper man with the New York World, went to Washington and combed the F.B.I. files for key



WITH APPARENTLY  
NO VISIBLE CLUE TO GUIDE  
THEM THE FBI AGENTS WILL  
ALWAYS DISCOVER THE CRIMINAL.



CIVILIANS'  
FILES ARE  
ENTIRELY  
SEPARATE FROM  
CRIMINAL  
FILES.

IN ONE CASE A WOMAN WAS AN  
APPLICANT FOR THE POSITION OF  
HOUSEKEEPER.—A SEARCH OF HER  
FINGERPRINTS IN THE IDENTIFICATION  
DIVISION OF THE FBI REVEALED THAT  
SHE WAS ARRESTED IN 1933 BY THE N.Y.  
POLICE DEPT ON A CHARGE OF MURDER IN  
THE FIRST DEGREE —

BESIDES ITS FUNCTIONS AS A LAW—  
ENFORCING DEPARTMENT THE FBI ACTS AS  
A HELPFUL AGENCY IN LOCATING LOST  
PERSONS— MILLIONS OF FINGERPRINTS OF  
LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS ARE ON FILE— YOU  
MAY REGISTER YOURS FOR THE PURPOSE OF  
PROMPT IDENTIFICATION IN THE EVENT  
OF AN ACCIDENT, ETC. —

articles, which, when shown in pic-  
tures, would make clear the care-  
ful, scientific manner in which  
F.B.I. conducts every thrilling case.  
The first of Thornton Fishers'

articles appears in **TOP SECRETS  
OF THE F.B.I.** now on sale, for  
only a Dime, on all newsstands.  
Order your copy today—you'll be  
thrilled by the disclosures.

# The SHADOW

Reveals  
Links  
of  
Crime

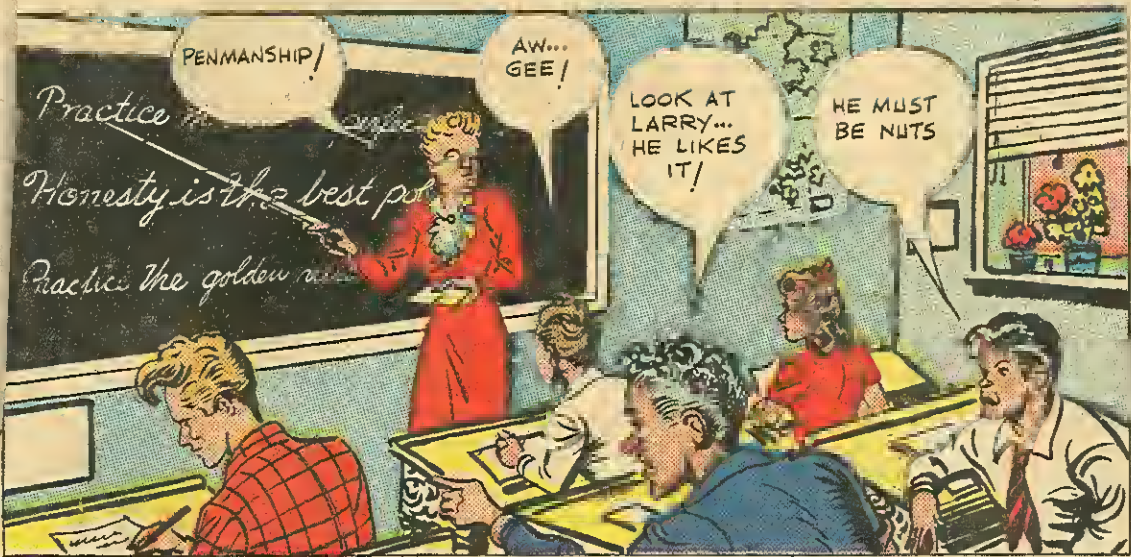


... AND NOW,  
CHILDREN, WE  
SHALL SPEND THE  
NEXT HALF HOUR IN  
PRACTICING...

GREAT CHAINS ARE COMPOSED  
OF LITTLE LINKS WHICH ARE  
FORGED ONE BY ONE, TO  
COMPLETE THE ENTIRE CHAIN...  
BUT LIKE ALL CHAINS, EVEN A  
CHAIN OF CRIME IS NO STRONGER  
THAN ITS WEAKEST LINK !!!

THIS STORY TELLS HOW  
MORE THAN A CHAIN WAS  
FORGED, YET FROM IT CAME  
A CHAIN OF CRIME WITH  
LINKS THAT ONLY THE SHADOW  
COULD BREAK... AGAIN TO PROVE  
THAT: CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!!

OUR STORY BEGINS, VERY ODDLY,  
WITH MISS EMMELINE BANGS,  
TEACHER IN PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 3,  
IN THE TOWN OF WADEBURY...



PENMANSHIP!

AW...  
GEE!

LOOK AT  
LARRY...  
HE LIKES  
IT!

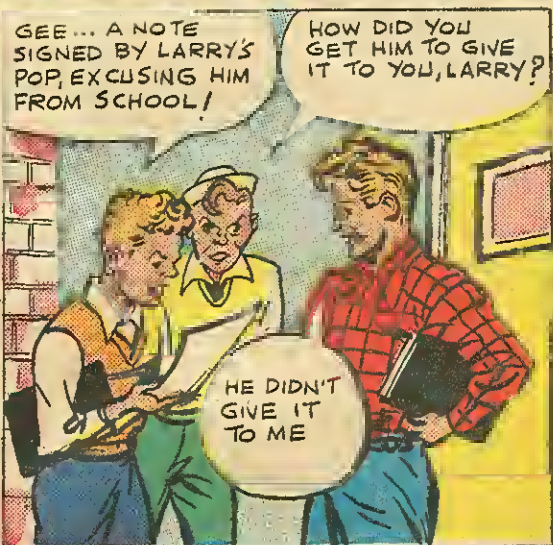
HE MUST  
BE NUTS

*Practice*  
*Honesty is the best policy*  
*Practice the golden rule*



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF  
PRACTICING PENMANSHIP  
SO HARD, LARRY? WHAT  
DOES IT GET YOU?

ONLY  
THIS



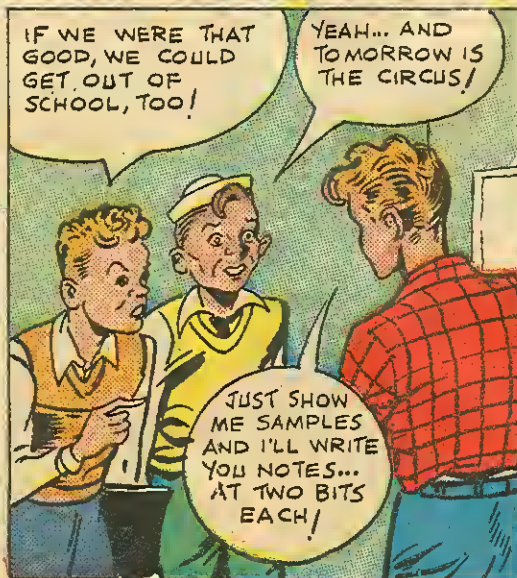
GEE... A NOTE  
SIGNED BY LARRY'S  
POP, EXCUSING HIM  
FROM SCHOOL!

HOW DID YOU  
GET HIM TO GIVE  
IT TO YOU, LARRY?

HE DIDN'T  
GIVE IT  
TO ME



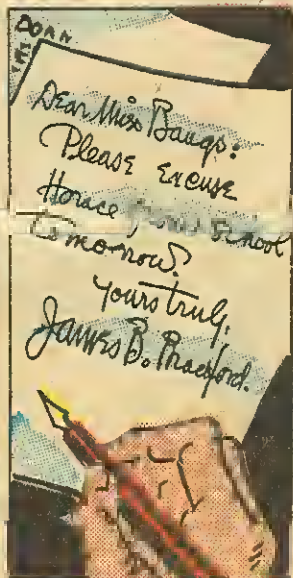
I WROTE IT OUT  
MYSELF. THAT'S  
WHY I'VE BEEN  
PRACTICING  
PENMANSHIP!



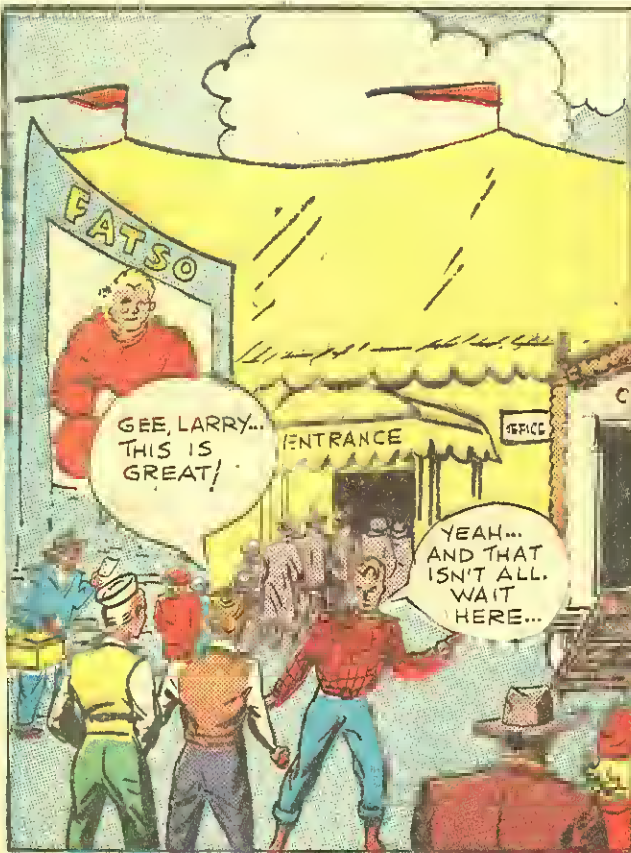
IF WE WERE THAT  
GOOD, WE COULD  
GET OUT OF  
SCHOOL, TOO!

YEAH... AND  
TOMORROW IS  
THE CIRCUS!

JUST SHOW  
ME SAMPLES  
AND I'LL WRITE  
YOU NOTES...  
AT TWO BITS  
EACH!

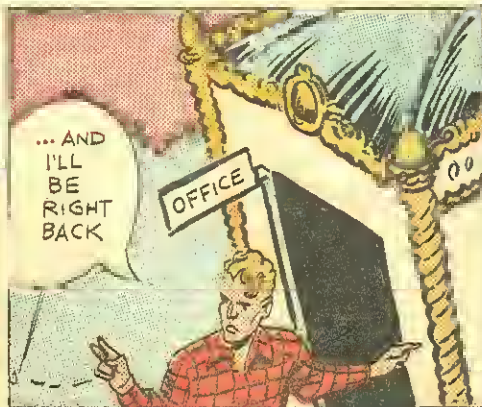


Dear Miss Bangs:  
Please excuse  
Horace from school  
tomorrow.  
Yours truly,  
James B. Bradford.

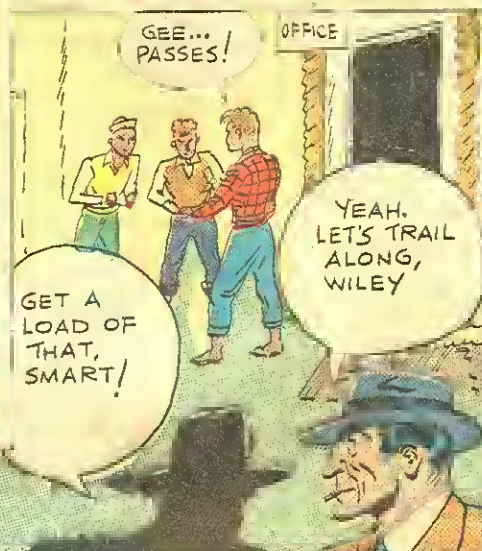


GEE, LARRY...  
THIS IS GREAT!

YEAH...  
AND THAT  
ISN'T ALL.  
WAIT  
HERE...



... AND  
I'LL  
BE  
RIGHT  
BACK



GEE...  
PASSES!

YEAH.  
LET'S TRAIL  
ALONG,  
WILEY

GET A  
LOAD OF  
THAT,  
SMART!



YOU'RE THE  
TRUANT OFFICER,  
AREN'T YOU? HOW  
COME YOU DIDN'T  
GRAB THOSE KIDS  
FOR PLAYING  
HOOKEY?

THEIR PARENTS  
GOT THEM  
EXCUSED TODAY.  
I SAW THE  
NOTES

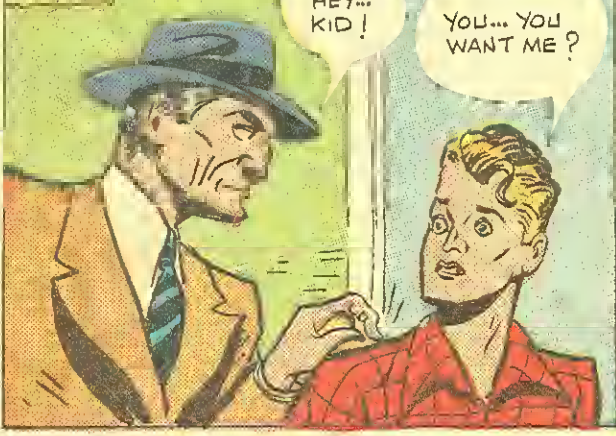
OK, MISTER.  
YOU KNOW  
YOUR  
BUSINESS



WE'LL GET  
HOLD OF  
THAT KID  
LATER

YEAH, THE  
ONE THEY  
CALLED  
LARRY. WE  
CAN USE  
HIM IN OUR  
BUSINESS

LATER...



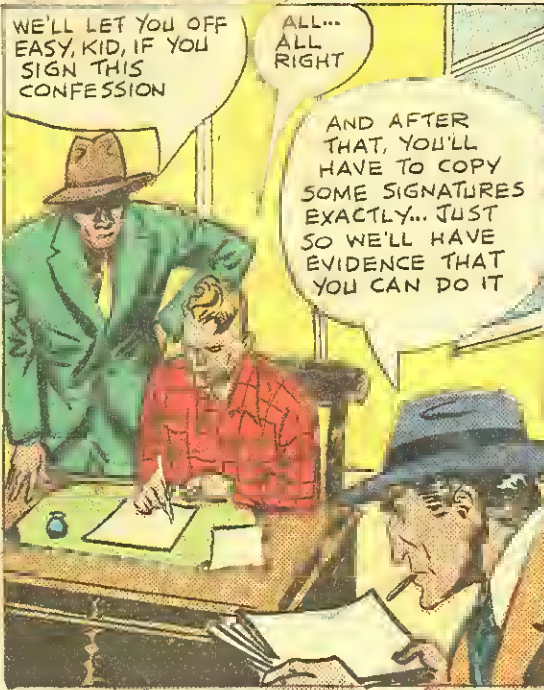
HEY... KID!

YOU... YOU WANT ME?

YEAH. WE BOTH WANT YOU. WE'RE SPECIAL AGENTS

BUT... BUT... WHY...

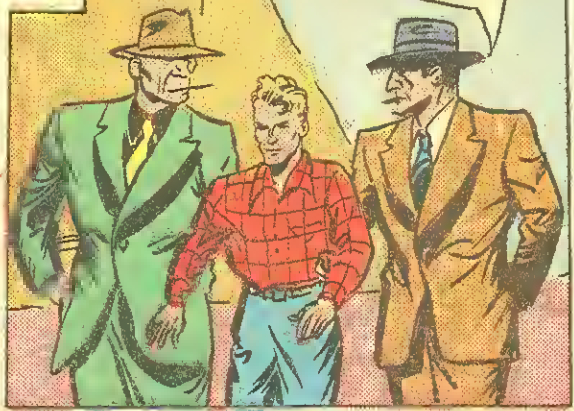
IT'S ON ACCOUNT OF THOSE EXCUSE NOTES YOU SIGNED AND THOSE CIRCUS PASSES YOU FAKED. WE KNOW EVERYTHING!



WE'LL LET YOU OFF EASY, KID, IF YOU SIGN THIS CONFESSION

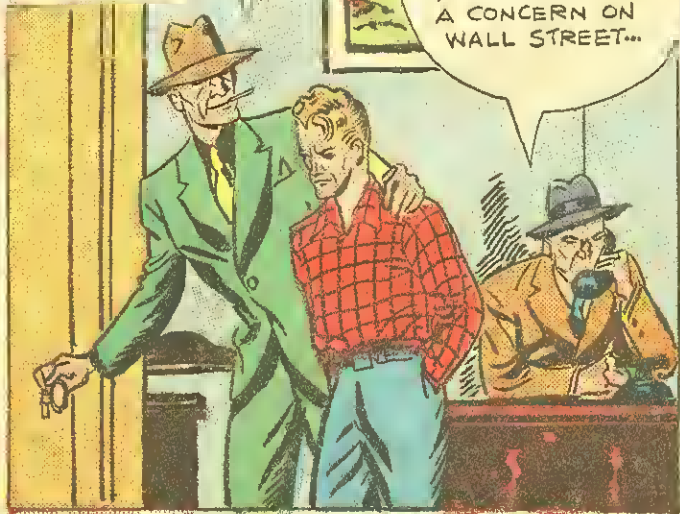
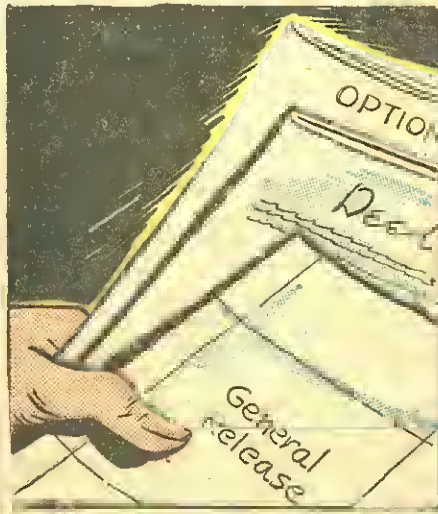
ALL... ALL RIGHT

AND AFTER THAT, YOU'LL HAVE TO COPY SOME SIGNATURES EXACTLY... JUST SO WE'LL HAVE EVIDENCE THAT YOU CAN DO IT



YOU OUGHT TO FEEL BETTER NOW, KID. SO RUN ALONG, AND WE WON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS... IF YOU DON'T

LONG DISTANCE? GET ME NEW YORK... I WANT A NUMBER OF A CONCERN ON WALL STREET...



...AND NOW, LAMONT,  
SINCE WE'RE GOING  
TO A TOWN CALLED  
WADEBURY, WILL YOU  
TELL ME WHY  
WE'RE GOING  
THERE?

IT'S VERY  
SIMPLE,  
MARGO...

TWO DAYS LATER...

...AS YOU KNOW, I  
ALWAYS KEEP POSTED  
ON UNUSUAL INVESTMENTS.  
SEVERAL REMARKABLE  
OFFERINGS REACHED  
WALL STREET RECENTLY.  
OPTIONS ON MINES,  
TITLE DEEDS ON  
PROPERTY, RELEASES  
ON CERTAIN CLAIMS...  
AND THEY ALL CAME  
FROM WADEBURY. I  
THINK WE'LL CALL  
ON THE CHIEF  
OF POLICE!

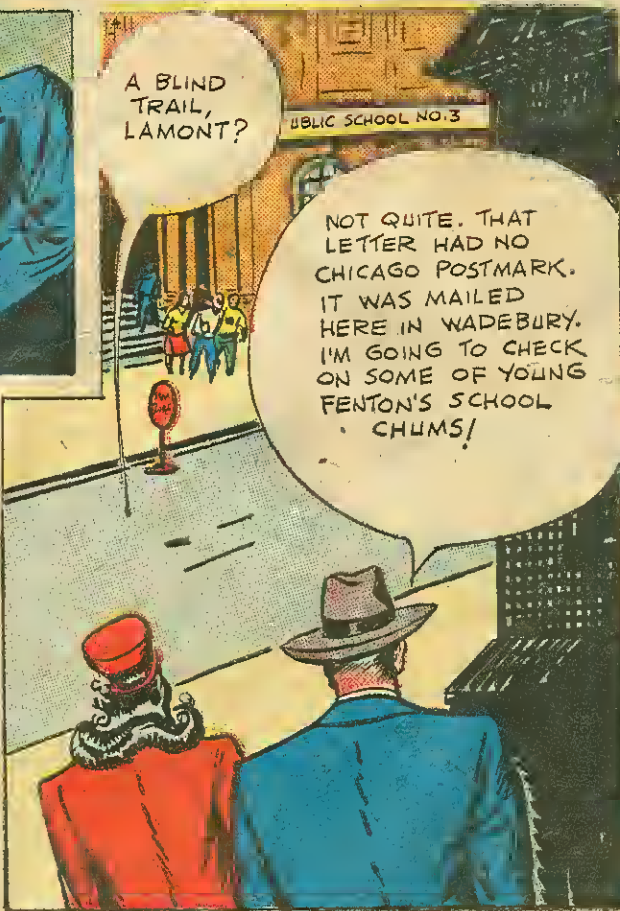
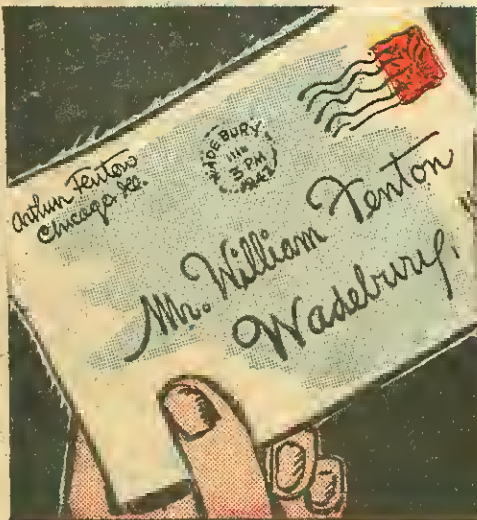
WADEBURY

NO CROOKS IN TOWN THAT I KNOW  
ABOUT, MR. CRANSTON. ONLY  
EXCITEMENT HERE WAS A MISSING  
BOY NAMED LARRY FENTON. BUT  
WE JUST RECEIVED THIS LETTER  
FROM HIS UNCLE IN CHICAGO  
SAYING LARRY WAS  
VISITING HIM

LET ME  
SEE THE  
ENVELOPE  
TOO, CHIEF

A BLIND  
TRAIL,  
LAMONT?

NOT QUITE. THAT  
LETTER HAD NO  
CHICAGO POSTMARK.  
IT WAS MAILED  
HERE IN WADEBURY.  
I'M GOING TO CHECK  
ON SOME OF YOUNG  
FENTON'S SCHOOL  
CHUMS!



AS THE SHADOW, LAMONT CRANSTON PICKS UP THE TRAIL OF LARRY FENTON...

HEY, LARRY,  
IT'S US....  
HERE'S  
SOMETHING  
TO EAT

WE MAILED  
THAT LETTER  
YOU FAKED...  
THE ONE  
FROM YOUR  
UNCLE

ALL RIGHT.  
BEAT IT. I  
DON'T WANT  
ANYBODY TO  
KNOW I'M  
HERE

NOW FOR  
A LITTLE  
CHAT WITH  
LARRY!

I AM THE SHADOW. I AM  
HERE TO HELP YOU, LARRY,  
ALTHOUGH BY YOUR OWN  
ADMISSION YOU HAVE  
COMMITTED FORGERY. NOW  
TELL ME EVERYTHING...

IT WAS TWO  
MEN...MR. WILEY  
AND MR. SMART...  
THEY MADE ME SIGN  
A CONFESSION...  
AND SOME  
PAPERS...

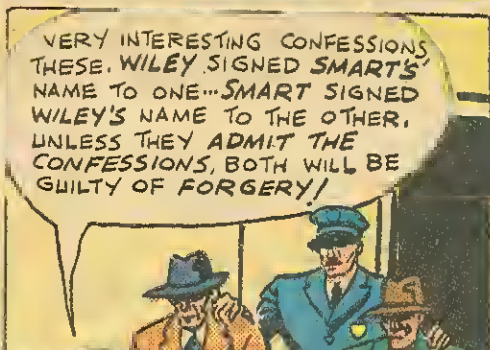
I KNOW THOSE  
TWO CROOKS BY  
THEIR ROGUE'S  
GALLERY PICTURES.  
THERE'S WILEY  
NOW, BUT I'LL  
PLAY SMART  
WITH HIM

HOTEL  
WADEBURY

I WANT  
TO TALK  
WITH  
YOU,  
SMART!

THE  
SHADOW!  
BUT I'M NOT...  
I'M NOT...  
WHY, YES...  
I'M MR.  
SMART





AND THE SHADOW DOES KNOW!!! HE KNOWS THAT THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT... SMALL SEEDS PRODUCE GREAT CONSEQUENCES WHERE EVIL IS CONCERNED... IN SAVING YOUNG LARRY FENTON FROM THE CRIME OF FORGERY, THE SHADOW AGAIN PROVED THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!!

REMEMBER: MEN OF CRIME USE MANY HUMAN TOOLS. NEVER, LET YOURSELF BECOME ONE

*The Shadow*